



HELEN F. TROY'S

POEMS

NEW YORK: H. F. TROY, 1897.

ILLUSTRATED.

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Helen F. Troy

HELEN F. TROY'S
POEMS
ILLUSTRATED.



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Some new rhyme and reasons
Why we should live
And give the world in seasons
The best we have to give.

HELEN F. TROY.

July 18, 1895.



And His look was sad and sweet
Threw His Robe back—and this done
Scars were on His Hands and Feet
And He said "I Am The One."

THE PROPHEESIES OF DEY - GAR - NAH - WE' - DAH. *

Chief of many—many nations
Dey-gar-nah-we-dah—brave and wise
Brought his people peace relations
From the very distant skies.

Told them how he turned to eagle—
Soaring o'er the land and sea
Looked he now so proud and regal
As he spoke his prophesy.

In the council—spake the red man
I have much to tell you here
List' my people to this plan—
Which will save you from all fear.

I have come back from the mountain §
And my nest among the trees
Where the ocean's flowing fountain
Gently meets the summer's breeze.

Fish and birds—and living beast'
Dey-gar-nah-we'-dah brought in pairs
Gathered round from west to east
As if relieved of burden'd cares.

*Dey-gar-nah-we'-dah interpreted means Eagle.
§ Catskill.

For the story contained in the above poem the author is indebted to the kindness of Isaac Thomas, M. D. a Mohawk Indian, whose book "Religious Revelations" of the Indian Nations is about to be published.

Forty days—and forty nights
Will the mighty waters flow
Covering all the mountain heights
Spoke Dey-gar-nah-we'-dah slow.

Come my people—heed the warning—
To the valley—lying low
Long before the hours of morning
Will the mighty waters flow.

Some they were who quickly fled
To the very highest hill
Others there—who proudly led
Back again with scorning will.

Some there were—with doubting smile
At his story—as of yore
Dey-gar-nah-we'-dah loved to wile
Idle fancies—nothing more.

Scattered they—but few remained
To heed the word the prophet spake
Two of every tribe—contained
To listen—for his own dear sake.

Dey-gar-nah-we'-dah led them all
To the depths—the lowest vale *
The towering hills appeared a wall
Which made his followers bewail.

All who go upon the hills
Are the words the prophet said
Go to die. ‡ Ha-wah-ne'-u wills
To save the people not afraid.

* Hudson

‡ Ha-wah-ne'-u Great spirit.

One mile square—the prophet measured
When the low land had been reached
Many years the red man treasured
The tale Dey-gar-nah-we'-dah preached.

Closely gathered in this square
Heads bow'd down with shivering fear
Dey-gar-nah-we'-dah standing there
And his face is shining clear.

Toward the sky—he turns, his eyes
Sweeping like the eagles glance
Dark clouds cover now the skies
Darkness that came not by chance.

In torrents fell the heavy rain
Black night reigned upon the earth
Millions now had felt the pain
And obedience had found birth.

The waters formed four towering walls
About the carefully measured space
Dey-gar-nah-we'-dah softly calls
Ha-wah-ne'-u to guard his race.

For forty days and forty nights
Did the mighty waters fall
Covering all the mountain heights
Drowning beasts and people—all.

Two of every tribe were spared
Two of every bird and fish
In pairs all kind of beast were cared
Such was Ha-wah-ne'-u's wish.

With kindly word and loving cheer
Dey-gar-nah-we'-dah watched his flock
Through the days so dark and drear
His council'd words they will not mock.

When hunger came—the water yields
Fish with which they are sustained
The prophet o'er his people wields
A trusting spirit truthfully gained.

And now the heavy rains subside
The towering water walls recede
The people gratefully confide
Their prophet's wish and humbly heed.

Dey-gar-nah-we'-dah told the crow
Who till this time had been pure white
Out to you mountain shall you go
And tell me all within your sight.

Willingly the bird obeyed
And brought the prophet this sad tale
The reason he had been delayed
The dead were strewn throughout the vale.

And on the mountains—and in the trees
The dead all mangled lying—where
The heavy wind and lightest breeze
Revealed the desolation there.

And as a proof of all he said
And as a proof that he did seek
And brought back word that all were dead
Were human eyes upon his beak.

The prophet spake—Curst' shall you be
For having done this woeful thing
On carrion live—and have no glee
Black and poor and never sing.

Two pigeons next—the prophet sent
Out to the mountains and return
Through the desolate scenes they went
And wept at the misery which they learn.

With eyes red from constant weeping
They tell the prophet—sad indeed
Is the scene—the people sleeping
All in Death—beyond there need.

You are gentle and feel sorrow
Blessed shall you ever be
All is well—and on to-morrow
From the waters we are free.

The people murmured and complaining
Cried aloud for corn and grain
All about the dead remaining
Beast and man—the heaps contain.

Not one spear of grass in view
Not a twig or vine exposed
One vast plain of dry earth grew
Far as human eye disclosed.

Some dry bark which floated near
The people ate for want of corn
Only the prophet spoke with cheer
And thus their sufferings were born.

Hear! my people—and believe me
Is Dey-gar-nah-we'-dah's cry
Wait for three days faithfully
Food will come—you will not die.

Ha-wah-ne-u!—He will hear
And will help us—if we wait
He will keep us from all fear
Are the prophets words of fate.

After calming their wild fear
The prophet said—now watch the moon
When the the light is full and clear
A lady there will feed us soon.

On her back a basket laden
Filled with fruit—and corn and grain
Let your weary hearts not sadden
Lest your sacrifice should stain.

Said the prophet tis a sign
O my people—which will last
When the round full moon shall shine—
To the end her smile will cast.

Three long days—and three long nights
Did the weary watchers tend
And the moon shed brilliant lights
And the lady did descend.

In her basket fruits and grains
In her hands—were corn and bread
Gave to all—nor looked for gains
And the dying ones were fed.

Gave them seeds of every kind
Said she—plant them far and wide
And the sunlight and the wind
Made abundant harvest tide.

Trees and vines and grapes now grew
Where the arid waste had spread
Waving ferns and berries blue
O'er the land of buried dead.

On hills and dales and creeping moss
Covered o'er with brown and green
The breeze among the branches toss
Open buds in moonlight sheen.

Through this land the people roam
By the rivers—by the sea—
Building wigwams for there home
Happy—prosperous and free.

List'ning to there prophets teaching
Loving well his soothing voice
Dey-gar-nah-we'-dah ever preaching
Trust Ha-wah-ne'-u from choice.

Pass'd the years—and with them bringing
Strife among the nation's vast
Hate and envy loudly ringing
In there breasts—peace could not last.

Dey-gar-nah-we'-dah watched the nations
From his nest—high in the tree
Raging war in many stations
Amongst the people—once so free.

Then again the prophet came
Drew them near and council held
Cautioned them 'gainst angers flame
And their vicious spirits quell'd.

And they list'ned very mild
As their fathers prophet spake
For his coming as a child
They had watched—long wood and lake.

Now they listened—hushed and still
As the prophet told his tale
And the mountains and the rill
Told the story to the vale.

As I wandered o'er the sea
Half way 'tween the earth and sky
And a stranger walked to me
One with friendship in his eye.

And he spoke a friendly greeting
And his face was pale and sad
And the story of this meeting
Will make the nations glad.

Said the Stranger "Walk with me"
And a garden I will show
And the summer and the sea
Made sweet music—soft and low.

All about was summer land
In that garden spot so fair
And the snow top'd mountains grand
Cool'd and soothed the balmy air.

Grain and fruits were all around
Flowers of every shape and hue
Quickly springing from the ground
In abundant groves they grew.

In the woods there roved the deer
In the air the wild birds flew
In the wide streams running clear—
Every kind of fish for you.

'Tis forever summer there—
Said the Stranger—soft and slow
Teach your people 'tis their share
If they work for it below.

To that land of summer light
Where the fish and deer abounds
We will go—if we do right
To the Happy Hunting Grounds.

Come and I will lead you down
We will go by yonder spring
Wrap't round him a Flowing Robe
In His voice a loving ring.

There beside two maple trees
Was the spring so clear and bright
Through the branches green—the leaves
Waving in the calm sunlight.

"Drink from this" the Stranger said
A small bottle forth He drew
From His mantle so arrayed
As to hide Him from my view.

And He fill'd it from the spring
And I drank the water clear
And the birds began to sing
In the maples—standing near.

And to my great surprise
Half the water still remained
And the sunlight in the skies
Knew the symbol it contained.

Such is my great love for you
Said the Stranger—very kind
If you will be brave and true
Love abundant will you find.

As I looked at Him to task
There was sorrow in His face
And the question I would ask
In my mind He seem'd to trace.

And His look was sad and sweet
Threw His robe back—and this done
Scars were on His hands and feet
And he said "I am thee One."

Who on earth to bring good tide
Came to save those who were lost
And a mark was in His side
Showing where He had been cross'd

Then He led me to a place
Thousands there were streaming by
Two small pathways I could trace
One led down and one on high.

And hanging on a tree
In full sight—a wounded breast
'Twas a sign that I should see
Those in doubt—who cannot rest.

And as each one pass'd it by
All his sins came to his mind
And the path which leads on high
All the good together find.

Then He lead me very far
Down where all was dark and drear
And the heavy thunders jar
Smote my failing heart with fear.

There a pit so dark and vast
That the earth seem'd open wide
Thousands there each moment cast
Wailing—Moaning—side by side.

And the sun now split in two
Fire and smoke fell from on high
Boiling flame upon them threw
Help us—Help us—is there cry.

'Tis the end—the stranger said
Pointing up—there is the sign
As I raised my eyes o'er head
All the sky began to shine.

There the sign that once again
I will come the Stranger said
And forgive the sin and pain
And will come to raise the dead.

I will come on Easter morn *
When the sun begins to shine.
From the Father—was I born
His thoughts are these words of mine.
* Dey-yen-ho-sar-yen'-ha Easter morning.

As he pointed now on high
In a rainbow large and bright
Stood the Stranger in the sky
And his Face was Shining—White.

Yet beside me there He stood
And his Face was sad and meek
Believe in this and do the good
Are the words I heard Him speak.

Then I never saw Him more
O my people this is true
Yonder by the shining shore
Is the garden there for you.

And you must not fight or kill
And you must not steal or hate
But let friendship and good will
Keep your hearts and guide your fate.

Cried the prophet "I have spoken
You my people hear the tale
Let your conduct be the token
That your crimes you will bewail.

Now I go back to the mountain
And my nest among the trees
Where the ocean's flowing fountain
Gently meets the summers breeze.

Many years pass swiftly by
Ere the prophet came again.
As the nations multiply
Rich were they in corn and grain.

Rich in lands whose flowing streams
With all kind of fish are fill'd
On berries red the bright sun gleams
The wild birds in the air song thrill'd.

Through the land is peace and cheer
In the wigwams love abides
O'er the rivers bright and clear
Dance canoes on sparkling tides.

And Dey-gar-nah-we'-dah came
To his people once again
And to-day his noble name
From the nations does not wane.

Across the mighty waters blue
* De-ho-not-ske-ne-no'-dah live
They are coming here to you
To them friendship we must give.

With their face turned toward our land
From a world far—far away
And the leader of their band
§ Gan-a-rah-du-ka's is on the way.

They will drive the witch away
We will keep them by our side
They have knowledge—and will stay
And the Great Spirit will guide.

And we know that they did join
Like descendants of one line
For the eagle on our coin
Is Dey-gar-nah-we'-dah's sign.

Cried the prophet "Be as brothers
Work together in the field
Hear my words—and let no others
In your breasts a barrier yield.

* De-ho-not-ske-ne-no'-dah—Pale Face.

§ Gan-a-rah-du-ka—Columbus.

I have done the prophet cried
These last words I say to you
I will come from yonder tide
If a part of you are true.

I will come again and speak
You will hear and know my voice
In the council you will seek
Said the prophet 'Tis my choice.

I have spoken—you have heard
And His voice was like a song
I have said to you the word
I go back where I belong.

I go back upon the mountain
And my nest among the trees
Where the ocean's flowing fountain
Gently meets the summers breeze.

Chief of many—many nations
Dey-gar-nah-we'-dah brave and wise
Brought his people peace relations
From the very distant skies.

Now the years pass slowly by
And the nations once so great
For Dey-gar-nah-we'-dah cry
And the prophet's word of fate.

Of the nations once so great
But a fragment now remain
Sadly truthful to relate
Scattered o'er the vast domain.

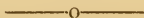
And as the years pass slowly by
All known nations watch a King
Yet the council fires burn high
And they watch the eagle's wing.

In the wigwams the're beseeching
In the council house they wait
For Dey-gar-nah-we'-dah's teaching
And the prophets word of fate.

He will come again they say
For he loved his people well
They know not the hour or day
That his prophesy will tell.

And to-day they are beseeching
And to-day they watch and wait
For Dey-gar-nah we'-dah's teaching
And the prophets' word of fate.

January 30, 1897.



SIDELLA.

In a monastery cell bare and bleak,
Father Crevot so pure and meek,
Paced back and forth saying his beads,
Thinking of the poor, their sufferings and needs.

Outside of Barcelona's beautiful site,
Where the air is tempered day and night,
The convent lay on a sloping hill
Beside a flowing water rill.

Surround by lucious blooming flowers,
Outside the sun shone many hours,
Inside cold and clean and bare
The heart of man could not thrive there.



Intent and grasping for the truths
Which lay in all philosophic groves.

The monk Grevot was true and brave,
Silent and deep as the very grave,
Intent and grasping for the truths
Which lay in all philosophic grooves.

Young was he and proud and fair,
His eyes were hazel and light brown hair
Thin, severe and drawn his face,
Penance and fast had left their trace.

He had reached the peace of highest mind
That can be obtained among mankind,
Had delved to the end theology's law
And now in his heart he felt one flaw.

Unseen it crept into his soul,
Unheard into his mind it stole,
Back to his cell like a guilty thing
But he could not lessen its clanging ring.

He felt that it might possibly be
The church was wrong—he bent a knee,
It grew and grew and grew apace
Until he was groveling on his face.

Next day he fasted more and prayed
And asked for the prayers of his comrade,
Prayed in his cell so cold and bare,
But the knawing thought was silent there.

The peace he had felt, where had it flown
Where the quiet he had known
Tempest tossed he knew he felt
And still he prayed and knelt and knelt.

Grevot had been taught that Satan fills
The mind of man with many ills
Can not the mind of man control
Man's inner thought and then extol.

His outer knowledge gleaned from minds
Versed in religion of various kinds
Wisdom's path has many ways
Argued Grevot in his lonely days.

The bud was burst no more closed round
By the bark of ignorance harshly ground
Once the thought unfettered flies
Reaches beyond the very skies.

But Grevot suffered in health and mind
From out the flesh he yet must grind
Prayers and penitence, work and fast
He thought it must forever last.

Silent he bends his head so proud
Drawing his robe around him like a shroud
Silent he fasts and prays and kneels,
Silent he thinks and suffers and feels.

Feels cut off from man's estate
To live and love—and love and mate
Feels crushed down and ill at ease
No natural thought dare he appease.

Back to his cell lowly and sad
Unrelieving as yet in his heart half mad
Thinking indeed that Satan had filled
His soul with dark influence and all good stilled

In his garden of flowers in the spring of the year
Grevot was at work with nothing to fear
But his haunting thoughts and maddening pain
Brought about by indulging in them again.

Culling and caring as a mother would
Grevot was full of loving good
They grew and thrived and blossomed sweet
Thought the monk the human heart must greet.

The sunshine of life and its warmth and care
With blossoms sweet as perfume rare
But the rules of the order on him cast
A gloom on his heart like a withering blast.

Back again in repentance vain
To stop the rifling maddening pain
Of soaring into the world's bright hues
Sadness it cast on all his views.

Suffering thus in mute despair
Into his cell he would repair
Bringing his prayers and logic severe
To help his doubting mind to clear.

Doubting and fearing lest he should be
Led away from the hope of eternity
Gaunt and hollow eyed and bent
With beads in hand towards the sea he went.

Passing through the monastery halls
Away from the cold and dreary walls
Into the sunlight warm and free
Falling so bright on land and sea,

Passed the monk along with downcast eyes
Scarce daring to lift them to the skies
Lest he should indeed be carried away
With the joy of life and the sunlight day.

His penance had been austere and hard
Against further doubt he must forever guard
Was the sentence the abbot on him imposed
Can the mind from doubt be ever closed?

Thought Grevot as he walked that sunny day
Perchance the mystic ancients may
Have fathomed the truth and devined it right
He had heard 'twas such but deemed it light.

He felt as one groping thro' the dark
Without one hope as a ray to mark,
The line when man's mind must not gleam
The knowledge then is in eternities' realm.

Downcast and lonely, prayerful and deep
O Lord! from me temptation keep—
Is the prayer on the lips of the monk Grevot
In the tempter's way, O! lead me not.

Signor! came a voice like a zephyr's breeze
Pardon! as she stepped aside from the trees
I would ask the way would'st thou be so kind
One monk, Alonzo, I must find.

And seeing the Garb bespoke thy call
Yet fearful lest I should make thee fall
Away from thy duties by speech with me
Point me the way to the monastery.

Tho' would'st not be allowed admittance there
Exclaimed the monk with the slightest stare.
No woman yet was ere allowed
No matter how much she were endowed.

To enter the portal of yonder site
Pointing his finger so thin and white
Tho' canst leave thy message at the gate
Antonio will deliver it whil'st tho' wait.

She passed along the bright highway
Her maid by her side searching the way
Out from Barcelona's smothering heat
Sidella so gentle—so proud and sweet.

But Ah! they had met two souls on this plain
Never again would their lives be the same
Attractions law overcomes all strength
Let the universe attest by any length.



She passed along the bright highway
Her maid by her side—searching the way
Out from Barcelona's smothering heat
Sidella the gentle—so proud and sweet.

Grevot shrank back as she passed along
He murmured his beads they sounded as song
I will not go back to the convent gate
Until it is very—very late.

I care not again to meet that face
For the devil has left his very trace
In the beauty of woman Grevot had been taught
Away from his wiles is what he sought.

Sidella with step firm and slow
Like a queen of woman imperial altho' —
Beauty was hers of royal kind
The beauty of all was her wondrous mind.

Which shone out thro' her eyes starlike
As diamond rays in dark midnight
Her oval face a rich cream tint
Her dark brown hair with its golden glint.

The damask rose had touched her cheek
With its color deep and sweetness meek
In stature tall and a queenly tread
In bearing noble and a regal head.

An Egyptian prince of the house of Thot
Was Sidella's father and he had brought
His daughter up in knowledge deep
The ancient religion he must keep.

In his household one and all
Were deeply versed in nature's call
The mind of man he claimed to be
The emblem of eternity.

The modern belief of the presiding day
Was a branch of the tree that his fathers say
Would spring and thrive and live for a time
Only to die in its very prime.

While nature's laws would never die
Unending they since times first cry
The sun has shown since time again
And so 'twill shine beyond the time of man.

Religion's branches to the prince's mind
Were nothing more than a chance to grind
And use the intellect of man
'Twas ever so since the world began.

And so Sidella had been taught
That Grevot's faith was to her as naught
Learned in the ancient mystic's lines
Universal comprehension she defines.

Her mother was of Spanish line
Of ancestors who in their prime
Were nobles of a high degree
Had fought and died for their country.

Warm and soft as her native clime
Life to her was a perfect rhyme
Stately, noble, languishing, mild
Sidella was their lovely child.

Surround by all of life's bright rays
Sidella had passed her childhood days
She had been taught that heaven was here
Each day of her life made that belief clear.

She knew naught of sin or its misery
She knew that life was a deep treasury
She knew no repentance, no fasting nor prayers
She knew no remorse, no heavy cares.

No conventional form had around her wove
Its net of restriction, for her life was a grove
To wonder and study and keenly enjoy
As a child would employ its very first toy.

Around her was thrown no religious law
Her life had not been cold and raw
But filled with sunshine, love and cheer
She was taught to heaven she was very near.

That in human heart, heaven lies
As well as beyond the bright blue skies
The Egyptian had taught his child to know
In nature was heaven here below.

Had taught her philosophical truths
Had taught her that astronomy soothes
The mind of man as he gropes along
The pathway of life almost as song.

In music and art she was deeply versed
The lines of the vedics she rehearsed
As well as Homer and Plato too
The Upanishads she thoroughly knew.

The course of the stars the Egyptian's eye
Watched many a night with Sidella by
Astrology's law was sacred and true
He wished his beloved child taught through.

The ancient mysteries of time
While she was in her very prime
So that when he pass away
Sidella should know that one bright ray.

Of knowledge which the initiates knew
And passed along the line to few
Followers in the mystic school
Nature was their time and rule.

Sidella was apt and quick and bright
She thrived and grew in that sunlight
Into beautiful womanhood
Beauteous alike in mind and good.

With a soul as pure as a white ray of light
Like a flower in its sweetness and its might
We see her now as she passes by
Like a summer breeze—a summer sigh.

Clad in the robe of richest brown—
Velvet deep and soft as down
A fillet of gold bound her dark brown hair—
A jeweled girdle we see her wear.

Her maid by her side, faithful Annette
Sidella wandered until she met.
Antonio outside the convent gate:
She feared that she might be too late.

To speak to the brother and of him ask
To see Alonzo, that he should unmask
A plot against her father's life
For he was in contentious strife.

With those of the new christian belief
Nothing to him could bring relief
Whil'st they plotted against him their foe
But to learn their secrets from Alonzo.

Who was of their blood and bone
Related to their house alone
By deeper bonds than religious ties
Sidella was his cousin the light of his eyes.

And rather than harm should her befall
He would his rigid vows recall
From heaven's gate would turn away
Than Sidella should have one sad day.

He loved the child thro' many years
Had wiped and dried her childish tears
Her life to him was the one bright ray
Had been sent to him in his exiled way.

And her father's life had been many times saved
By following the way that Alonzo had paved
And Sidella knew that he was free
From harm, that she could clearly see.

By consulting with from time to time
Alonzo for he knew every crime
That was carried on between the pagan sect
In the Jesuit's moves he was correct.

The prince had been the enemy
Of the early church and contumely
Had followed upon him thick and fast
Until the Jesuits hated him at last.

They had planned his life to take
They had some preparations yet to make
The prince had heard with darkening face
With downcast eye had planned the race.

To outdo them in their own conceit
To baffle them in their retreat
Sidella knew by her father's mood
That he was in danger and made her brood.

And so to the convent her way she wends
To seek Alonzo and then intends
To beg him to save his life once more
And then return to Barcelona's shore.

For she knew of the wide threatening breach
Between the pagan prince and the church's reach
She knew full well Alonzo's voice
Would be listened to at any choice.

He was deep learned in the nations power
Could turn the tide at any hour
He held like a balance in his hand the peace
Between the pagan world and the church with
ease.

Sidella found Alonzo ill—
He had been taken with a chill
The previous night but her story told
He said to her—be very bold.

And brave and be not afraid
Her father's life he had said
Was safe from the Jesuit's wrathful hate
While he had power to compensate.

Against all flow of malice deep
He had sworn to forever keep
Away from Sidella, while he might
Vexatious trouble however light.

Thankfully Sidella thought to return
She noticed Alonzo with fever burn
Dear cousin, I'm afraid tho' art sick indeed
And perhaps thou art very much in need.

Of attendance, thou must let me call
She turned to advance along the hall
Grevot stood there, he had returned
Thinking his penance had been well earned.

Summons the Abbot was Sidella's cry
I think Alonzo about to die
So sudden the change I see in his face
I pray thee, that he may have grace.

Grevot obeyed with quickened step
Brought the Abbot, then he kept
Watch by the side of the dying saint
He knew in his life there had been no taint.

Of selfishness or weakening mind
His life he lived to help mankind
Up to the highest spiritual realm
Such had been his constant dream.

But Alonzo's work was forever o'er
Death had rapped at his door
Found him ready, staunch and brave
To continue his journey beyond the grave.

Emaciated, thin and still he lay,
At rest forever, until the day
When shall rise like the blessed sun
Radiant! Glorious! when the race is run

Peace on his face as if the soul's flight
Over matter had been with all his might
Triumphant; and blessed and very grand
Was the souls escape to the great command.

I must away to my father for he must know
Of Alonzo's death it will be a blow
Heavy indeed for him to bear
I wish me now—that I were there.

The tears stood in her melting eyes
In vain she firmly, bravely tries
To check the sob that is in her heart
From Alonzo she must forever part.

Conduct the Signora past the gate—
Was the order to Grevot from his prelate
Bless thee my child thou hadst better go
Before the dark shuts out the glow.

Of day and tell thy father dear—
That when Alonzo's end was near
He was not afraid to meet his Lord
Whom he had spent his life for and adored.

He blessed Sidella with extended hands
Then he returned to his demands
Among the convents numerous duties
He had in mind their various surities.

Grevot led Sidella and her maid
Out thro' the spacious colonade
Past the yard and thro' the gate
In his heart he feared it late.

For her to attempt to wend her way
Back unattended to the city, gay
With its lights that just began to shine
Here and there at evening time.

I had better see thee safe at home [roam
'Twould displease the Abbot that thou shouldst
Through this winding dense roadway
With thy maid alone and I would say.

That I will journey on with thee
Until I leave thee safely
At thy very father's door
I will return—then, never more.

Will I see thy face again
Thought Grevot with almost pain
In that small short space of time
Sidella was to him a perfect rhyme.

Of his own life and inner mind
Like a budding flower in bright spring time,
In demeanor, Sidella was like a child
So quiet, soothing, sweet and mild

She spoke but little for her heart was sad
She felt within her intensely glad
For the protection which Grevot gave
She was unaccustomed save—

Much attendance to wander outside
The city or to the bright sea side.
Always surround by her nearest friends
Bounding thro' the woods and fens.

As a child so blithe and gay
Nature was her bright pathway
Surround by those who only knew
The knowledge her father wished to pursue.

O Lord, have mercy Grevot prayed—
He spoke of Alonzo as he laid
Cold and mute in death's embrace
The world of struggle no more to face.

There is no death Sidella said
We need not be of that change afraid
There is no such a thing as space
The world is one as is the race.

Only different as they glide
Which proves progressions onward stride
All manifest life is only one
Like the ever shining sun.

And we are only its wonderful rays
Sent out in its searching ways
Reaching unto dark recesses
On the earth there it expresses.

What we were sent here to perform
With nature's laws to conform
Through the lines of humanity
Into the realms of spirituality.

Said Sidella—so calm and meek
Grevot looked at her as if to seek
From whence came that speech so wise
She surely had not heard sorrows cries.

The depth of knowledge of her speech
Grevot could only think and reach
By casting away forever indeed
Aside the rules of his rigorous creed.

Dost tho' not believe in our dear Lord
Or art tho' of the class that have ignored
His presence here on this sinful plain
And art tho' content to ever remain?

In the darkness of the ages
Where death is the sinner's only wages,
Tho' might be a follower of the hour
In the wake of Jehova's power.

Thy Christ is one of many Gods
Who have come on earth to wield their rods
Over man on this planet below
The Gods live over the mountain's snow.

This earth is not a sinful plain
But a heavenly abode and I claim
That beyond the grave 'tis no more supreme
Than here to him who has learned the dream.

Of life in its silent mysterious ways
Peace may be had in all its days
By those who seek the one true path
Will be ever away from any wrath.

Either here or beyond the grave
The soul in its enfoldment will always save
The brightest light and onward go
Until it is white as snow.

Which may be reached while we live here
That we belong on high is very clear
When we know of unselfish souls
Who live their life as the ocean rolls.

Free and wide in the broad expanse
That may at any rate enchanee
The good of lives cast in their way
Their life is all one brilliant day.

Grevot thought alone 'twas thro' fast and prayer
The soul could be brought at last to forbear
Away from the joys of life expressed
When heaven was reached alone find rest

In Sidella, Grevot saw the trace
Of a soul as beautiful as her face
Calm and wise, pure and sweet
Learned in knowledge but very meek.

Thus they reached her father's door
I wish thee to see him that he might honor
Thy thoughtfulness and protection kind
Which will I now forever bind.

Him to the monks in friendships light
More than he has known many a day or night
Sidella led along the way—
Thro' her father's hall as closed the day.

Grevot—and bade him rest awhile—
Then found her father and with a smile
She passed thro' the curtains with stately tread
Her noble bearing and regal head.

The prince arrived and on him cast
A grateful look which was unasked—
I thank thee father, the Egyptian said
Thy kindness to my child—also the dead.

Alonzo whom I loved these years
I have had many hopes and fears
About his health this many day
I feel he will wish thee for him to pray.

For he loved the faith he had embraced,
It could not be from his mind erased
But that he chose the only way
Unto Salvation, who shall say him nay.

And Grevot thus detailed to him
Alonzo's work his vigor—vim
His unselfish life and deep interest
In all good works he could attest.

And told him of his painless end
Quiet as a cloud that had suddenly rend
Away from the dark and into the light
Of the shining sun which turned it white.

On they talked for a space of time
On religion, politics and even rhyme
A friendship sprung between the two
Such as does between the few—

Who understand at once each other
The prince feels Grevot almost his brother
So well he likes his honest face
And brilliant mind and quiet grace.

A light repast the Egyptian served
Not wishing the monk to be reserved
The Egyptian prince and the monk broke bread
A thing that had never before been said.

At least of the prince for we well know
He hated the monks with a bitter flow
But sorrow changes man indeed
No matter what their name or creed.

Thou art welcome here from this time on
Said the prince as he saw the monk don
His hood and with a hearty clasp
They parted ; and Grevot grasped—

His crucifix and started out
Along the road of that well known route
Out to the convent on the hill
But his heart within him he could not still.

Pacing along in the bright moonlight
It was a beautiful, glorious night
Nature was so calm and serene
The mind of the monk was in a dream.

This deep impression will pass away
Of the worldly people—I know their day
Is entirely from my belief different
I feel I need be reverent.

Unto my duties which I shall do
With rectitude, firm and patience through
My life work, whatever that may be
With all my strength and fidelity.

He reached his cell cold and bleak
He shudders—and bends him down to seek
Relief from the ravishing dream of delight
The day had brought him and the night.

This tumult in my soul sighed he
I must and will fight desperately
As he raised his head unto the skies
Sidella's face was before his eyes.

He fought and wrestled day by day
To dispel the dream that on him lay
At night he prayed in his lonely cell
The misery of it all, O! who can tell.

He fought against his growing love
For the Egyptian's daughter and He above
Could alone ere overcome
The bursting heart in its narrow home,

Sidella's father wished her to wed
A prince of his house and related
To the line of a noble king
And the honor which such a course would bring.

The day for the betrothal had been set
'Twas seen that Sidella began to fret—
And in many ways to act restrained
Of fatigue and illness she complained.

She asked her father that he set, the day
Of her bethrothal far away
I wish thee to wait for a little time
After a while I will resign.

Unto which I know must come to pass
I saw it all in the crystal glass
But O! the pain that tears my heart
It seems to me a sharpened dart.

Had torn my mind from its calm groove
My life me thinks will no more be smooth
This betrothal hangs on me as a dread
I could almost wish that I were dead.

My heart dictates me that I say
Unto my father, tell him nay—
My heart is cramped—and smothered—crushed
But I know this wild love must be hushed.

That surges thro' my throbbing brain
I must and at all times forever refrain
From thinking of that face whose look
Must forever be a closed sealed book.

As to this life of love or song
He must pass his life among
The sick and weak, the maimed and poor
That he will not leave them they are sure.

She sank upon her downy couch
And the tears that started could sad'y vouch
For the suffering heart that she must rob
Of her life of happiness like a sob.

I would not that he knew of me
One thought beyond sincerity
And kindly wish of earnest friends
Little she knew how nature lends.

A charm of magic to that word
And firmly so when inured
By youth and beauty and intellect
For love so wishes to be decked.

Will his sad face forever shine
Before these heavy eyes of mine?
Sidella sighed as the days pass by
I am so sad was her piteous cry.

The day for the betrothal at last appeared
The slaves in the outer yard had reared
Festoons of flowers and garlands of fern
For the coming night shaded lamps burn.

Many were there—the castle bright
With sweetest song and mirth and light
The ruler that Sidella should wed
Was proud and happy and at the head.

Of all the aspiring youths of Spain,
Who felt it an honor to have been named
To attend the royal house of the prince
For they had no festivities since.

He led his wife—Sidella's mother
Home as a bride there no other
Than a very quiet life
Lived the Egyptian and his wife.

The banquet spread with richest viands
The oldest and the rarest wines
Groaning with the choicest food
All so palatable—all so good.

All was gay and in good cheer
The betrothal couple about to appear
Sidella royal in gold and white
In her dark brown hair the gleaming light.

Of the diamond crescent whose changing rays
Shone like the sun in summer days
She stands in her sheen and lace and gold
Her face so pale, her heart so cold.

The sumptuous hall she sees it not
The lights and music she has forgot
She only sees a shrunken form
Clothed in a cowl so very worn.

And a face white, wan and pinched,
Her heart strings have been forever clinched
By the towering power of love—
She feels a broken lowly dove,

Out thro' the portal wide which led
Into the garden, Sidella fled
Past the clinging vines unseen
To calm her thoughts and then redeem—

Her indifferent conduct to her guests
And to her maid Annette, requests
I will in the garden one moment sojourn
Sit thee there then till I return.

On she sped passed the branches low [glow
That lent their perfume to the bright moon's
The night was still and warm and calm
Resting Sidella like sweet balm.

Which way shall I ever turn
I feel my eyes within me burn
I know indeed my heart is dead
To the man my father would have me wed.

Ah me, my heart is very sad—
I feel it beating wildly mad
I will away to the fountains spray
Perhaps 'will soothe my tears away.

Along the pathway smooth and white
Like a spectre in the bright moonlight
And as she hears the water trill
She sees the convent on the hill.

And now I know my heart will break
Are the words the proud Sidella spake
Thro' all time I'll love but thee
Beyond this life thro' eternity.

Outstretched her arms toward the convent, site
A shadow fell in the moon's bright light
Across her path by the murmuring fount
We need not against fate ever count.

Crouched at the foot of the fountain's base
Grevot the monk with his buried face
White and sad and deeply drawn
Among the folds of his robe forlorn.

He sprang like an animal from its lair
Passionate, eager—ready to tear
Any one who should come between?
His own sad soul and Sidella his queen.

He clasped her in his long thin arms
In the grasp of pure love which never harms
His religious life he had out ran
Grevot's not the monk—but lover and man.

Her upturned face meets his passionate kiss
With warm and rapturous happiness
Thou alone shall be my king
In her voice a happy ring.

I know 'twill not be upon this plain
But even that will ease the pain
I would not by my love for thee
Draw thee away from eternity.

Which in thy church is a rule severe
And to my mind is very clear
That thou, and I must forever part
I would have thee know 'twill break my heart.

Tho' art my soul,—my life,—my love—
Surely this love is from above
I shall love thee until I'm cold and stark
And death has set on me its mark.

I cannot live away from thee
Tis why I left the monastery
This night and wended along my way
Into thy garden where the fountains play.

'Twas known to me, this night tho' shouldst be
Betrothed to an Egyptian from across the sea
From out my cell to-night I stole
Like a hiding thief that I might console.

My breaking heart and bursting mind
For already round me had entwined
My deathless love for thee, my queen,
Which shall last to the end of heavens realm.

And on my way as hither wending
O'er the winding road way bending
I prayed to see thee just once more
Before we parted forevermore.

I knew tho' wouldst go from me
Far beyond the deep Red Sea
Thus I came but not attending
My love for thee, my life is ending.

On their faces mute despair
Deathless love was written there
Grevot's eyes burning wild
Sidella warm as a trusting child.

In loves deep ecstasy they rhyme
Just for one short space of time
Back where the lights and music glares
One with lagging step repairs—

The other broken, bent and old
In his cell so bleak and cold
If love be sin, O Lord forgive—
The monk Grevot has no wish to live.

She said there was no such thing as space
Can that be why her lovely face
Burns in my brain so close and clear
Me thinks I could clasp her she is so near.

Sidella grew thin, sad and pined,
The bells no longer for her chimed
Their music in the balmy air
Her soul was heavy with silent care.

The dreamy southern days pass by
Sidella's wedding day draws nigh
With wealth and pomp and rich splendor
And willing hands with which to render.

All that was gay and fine and bright
The wedding to be a beautiful sight
The Egyptian opened wide his door
And welcomed all the rich and poor.

All the nobility of Spain
Came to witness the gorgeous train
Of old and young, beauty and youth
They came to bless Sidella in truth.

For she was known for many a mile
For her kindly heart and gentle smile
She had many a sad heart blest,
With their troubles and misery oft distress.

Out from the castle the music strains—
Lights flash thro' the window panes
Groups of maidens in clinging white
Make a picture in the night.

All was at the height of revelry gay
Where is Sidella—one was heard to say
'Twas growing late she had not appeared
She may be ill is what they feared.

But Sidella these many hours had flown
Out thro' the portal and there alone
Sped with a staggering, halting step
On where the moonlight and fountain kept—

Harmonious rhyme and constant blending
Will my hearts sorrow be unending
Into the starlight I would say
I care me not to see the day.

Alonzo gave this phial to me
Saying if in captivity
If peril surround me very deep
Drink and I would forever sleep.

Surely in peril deep I stand
I will journey on to a different land
I can not have my own hearts mate
'Tis useless to strive against the hand of fate.

She drank the liquid from the glass
And sank upon the downy grass
I will rest me by the waters rill
Where I can see the convent on the hill.

Winding along the broad highway
On towards where the fountain's spray
A lonely figure presses near
Grevot the monk—the light makes clear.

Sad and broken and depress't
In his heart he finds no rest
Again to see her I will yield
He stooped and trembled, almost reeled—

Then at his feet Sidella lay
Like a broken flower in early May
He carried her in his deep embrace
And rained his kisses on her face.

He bore her into the arbor by
Chaffed her hands and with the cry
"Sidella knowest tho' me not
I am thy slave—thy own Grevot."

Tho' art my noble lover-king
Moaned Sidella with a weary ring
Her voice was broken and far away
The monk bent a knee by her to pray.

Sidella had passed out into the night
Death led her out in the bright moonlight
Calm and cold, and mute she lay
Dead in the arbor—on her wedding day.

The monk knelt by her many hours
Did he commune with the heavenly powers
My last hour on this earth shall be
With my eyes my love intent on thee.

And so it was with arms wound round
Sidella, and one knee on the ground
With his head upon her shimmering breast
The monk Grevot had found his rest.

Thus they found them one and all
Who came from out the castle hall
Sidella in her bridal array
The monk in his robe so cold and gray.

Entwined in each others arms and death
Had set his seal and breathed his breath
Upon these two so wide apart,
In religion's view but one in heart.

And who shall say their love was sin
Since it came upon them to let in
The God like ray of heaven's love
It was sent them from above.

And who shall say that love can die
That element like the brightest sky
Helen and Paris in lovers rhyme
Is but Cleopatra in Anthony's time.

True to the pole of nature's law
Grevot and the sweet Sidella saw
The universe in each others eyes
Had met their heaven this side of the skies.

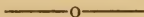
The veil is drawn across the scene
We wake from out our lovely dream
Sad and yet so very meek
It brings us wisdom that we seek.

Into the dawn of our own bright day
Away from the scene at Barcelona's Bay
Yet often in our minds will creep
The story of Sidella and we will weep—

When we think of her broken love
Wounded like the lonely dove
When we know Sidellas' dead
With her noble bearing and regal head.

The story is told and shall we not
Think of the brave and true Grevot
With his wealth of unbounded love
Which he changed for the life above.

February 6, 1895.



"THE DREAMERS."



In the summer land where palms are bending
Where summer breezes play unending
Where shines the sun and the sea attending
Makes the balmy air serene.
When night comes on the stars are lending
Their brilliant charm to the light commending
From the day our thoughts are trending
Making life one lovely dream.

The air is laden with sweet perfume,
Our dreamy thoughts we may resume
With the heavenly powers we may commune
As falls the shades of night.
The distant sea, its soothing croon
Meets the breeze in swaying tune.
In the eastern sky the moon
Shines radiantly the light.

When comes the day, the birds are singing,
Joyously their sweet notes ringing
Tho' the trees their love songs flinging
Making perfect rhyme.
In the woods the wild flowers blooming
Thro' the dense shade the sun is looming
Heaven's bowers without assuming
The glorious southern clime.

There lay upon a couch reclining
A dreamer from the strong sun shining
In the shade of the palm inclining
To float with the dream of day.
To him no thought of the world repining
Around him harmony ever entwining
Thro' all time to love consigning
Like the sun's bright ray.

To him life was one bright ray
'Twas never night, but always day,
If all our lives could ere' be may,
How happy we would be.
The land and the sea were to him the same
Twas no different because of name
The ocean's tide in its might and main
Was only bright blue sea.

He was tall and thin and dark
Northern eyes you there mark
His mind is soaring like the lark
In early summer time.
The natives make of him their king
His wish is law in everything
Eager to hear his kind voice ring
Around him they recline.

Thro' his mystic brain is weaving
Strains of untold stories leaving
An impression to which we're cleaving
With marked intensity.
On they flow in their shadowy train
He's not content to remain
From the truths which they contain
Of unfathomed immensity.



In the shade of the palm inclining
To float with the dream of day.

His wealth of mind is wonderfñl
His thought of life is beautiful
His intense nature bountiful
In its entirety.
Of winding thro' with ample room
Shadows light and deepest gloom
Flowers in bud and deepest bloom
E'en to eternity.

Night again the Kahuna weird
Chants the songs with which she's reared
Through the night whose spell is cleared
With her tune so wild,
By the sea with a ghostly crew
She sings the song all the long night thro'
The custom's old, the songs not new
Which sings the Kahuna child.

Now the melody is low and sweet
Now again the loud winds greet
Every stage of life to meet
The wild Kahuna song.
Now again in wildest pain
On the heart it pours its reign
And we know 'twill ever deign
To sooth us all along.

In her eyes no sign of slumbering
But her heartaches she is numbering
O! that love should be encumbering
To our happiness.
On the sea the shadows rowing
Clear she sees in the moonlight glowing
All her heart in her love song throwing
Wildly to confess.

Yet within her she is chiding
For the wild love so swift and gliding
In her heart o'er her senses riding
Where the northern dreamer lay.
Silent she is ever shielding
Yet in secret ever yielding
Love forever thus is wielding
Time is his powerful day.

She is the beautiful one of her race
Glorious eyes and lovely face
Beaming dark with winning grace
Her love she proudly hides.
And her pain she does not measure
'Tis alike to her a treasure.
Suffering love is almost pleasure
And its sorrow she abides.

Well she knows he is above her station
Love has made for her a new creation
With the dreamer of a proud nation
Sings the wild Kahuna girl.
Of him she is ever thinking
In the wild dream she is sinking
The bitter waters she is drinking
Of loves unresponsive whirl.

Life has but to her one meaning
And she reaps it at the gleanings
Of the sun and water teaming
Its dying dim twilight.
In her wild and stately loveliness
In our thoughts she will ever impress
Sorrow we can scarce express
As the dead midnight.



By the sea to a ghostly crew
She sings the song all the long night through.

That her love is but a wild dream
She forever cannot deem
Other than part of heaven's realm
Unto her untaught heart.
Back among her native throng
Wilder sounds her eirie song
Weird and mournful the whole night long
She sings of her broken heart.

Thus our lives we dream away
Wishing night when always day
Oftimes sad when we should be gay
So rolls the ocean deep.
And to blame them would be wrongful
And to chide them would be scornful
To love them altho' tis mournful
Thro' our senses creep.

In the summer land where palms are bending
And their soothing perfume lending
To the light their strength intending
To mingle with the day.
His has gone to his northern throne
He has left her all alone
She sinks down without a moan
In death's dream she lay.

Where the southern palms are bending
Where the breezes play unending
With the sun and sea attending
Passed the dreamers o'er the deep.
And we see with slightest glance.
That our lives are one deep trance
The best of it romance,
Then our long eternal sleep.

February 20, 1895.

“MAC GRAY.”

MacGray with his ugly tyrannical sneer
Was despised by the neighbors far and near.
In his scared and mangled face
You could find not one redeeming trace.

His eyes were deep set and close together
'Tis said, “a flock of birds are of a feather.”
Perhaps 'twas the reason why MacGray
Kept away from the people who were gay.

But if he could find some one in crime
Steeped as in salty brine
There you'd surely find MacGray
Smiling as a day in May.

His black hair stood in mated locks
Upon his low forehead in shocks,
His repulsive mouth and high cheek bone
Would make the character student groan.

He always had the meanest leer
Accompanied by the ugliest sneer,
The people near and far away
Hated the very name of MacGray.

The villagers dreaded to see him pass by
The cottage doors, for many a cry
Of fright had been from the children wrung
Of MacGray as he often trod among.

The simple folk of the town of Lynn
In the year when the early settlers din
And confusion of settling a new town
Always bring more or less renown.

'Twas said he came from a prison jail
For robbing the people, and robbing the mail
There was no crime known to man
But the wild MacGray had lent a hand.

Full of hate and full of crime
The poor people wished for the very time
That the Lord would call upon MacGray
To answer for his misspent day.

MacGray cared not for their biting scorn
Nothing they said to him was a thorn
He had passed the line where the finer sense
Had in it any recompense.

He hated life, he hated man
He hated God—and what man can
Live and that thought ever nurse
Be other than a living curse.

He had lived unto his fortieth year
And never yet had shed a tear.
He had been heard many times to say
No tears will ever come from MacGray.

He mocked at men who were sincere
He scoffed at those with conscience clear
Boasting in his godless day
Walked the renegade MacGray.

He was tall, big boned and long armed
Uncouth and raw like one who harmed
Every one who had come in his way
Was the ugly lean MacGray.

One day there came upon MacGray
The last he lived in his reckless way
Sorrow the first that on him fell
It was to him as a funeral knell.

Of all his crime that was in the past
On his hardened heart had cast
No cloud so dark but has one bright ray
And so it was with the wild MacGray.

In the height of all his crime
It came upon him just in time
That God would not deny him—nay
That which man had denied MacGray.

Stumbling out from the town one night
A storm was raging in its might
Peals of thunder rent the air
Flashed the lightning everywhere.

Down in large drops came the rain
Cold and bleak with smarting pain
Out to his hut where night was as day
Strode the ugly, stern MacGray.

Cursing the townfolks every one
Hating them and sparing none
For every word they had to say
A bitter invective hurled MacGray.

He had not heard from the lips of man
One kind word in all his life, and who can
Blame entirely the bitter lay
Of the vicious, untaught MacGray.

Along in the dark, and stormy black
Of the tempest whirling enough to rack
The mind of a stronger man than he
Outcast indeed he seemed to be.



Down in large drops came the rain
Cold and bleak with smarting pain
Out to his hut where night was as day
Strode the ugly—stern Mac Gray.

Huddled down in a ragged heap
Some one apparently asleep
So closely to the sloping ground
MacGray a woman and a baby found.

Closer she clutched her little babe
For God sake! sir! will you save
My little one and let me lie.
Here and I will willingly die.

You may have a wife and little one
Pity me as if you had known
Some one in your life you've loved
God will bless you in heaven above.

This night I walked all thro' the town
Then came here and laid me down
Not one house in all the city
Would listen or have one breath of pity—

Upon me in my black despair
Racked with pain about to bear
This little one upon my breast
O, my God! where will I rest.

I am an outcast, ragged and poor
I've begged my way from door to door
If I could but lie here and die
I would bless you with my dying cry.

If you will save my little child—
She then arose, and raving wild
Outpoured into the stormy night
Snatches of prayer and songs of light.

A sardonic smile lit up his face
As he halted in his stumbling pace
Some loved one, me—wife and child,
But of course she's raving wild

She cannot stay out in this heavy storm
She can go in the hut it will keep her warm
When morning comes she can go her way
The weather permitting said MacGray.

In his arms she placed the child
She then appeared to become more mild.
With his hand upon her arm
He led the mother away from harm.

Of the cold and chilly night
For the early frosts were beginning to bite
And the good people of the town of Lynn
Who would not let the outcast in.

Surely sir, you are a saint
The Lord has not left in you a taint
Of selfishness. But I'm not so bad
My troubles have driven me almost mad.

Soaking and ragged he led her along
The well known path till he felt the thong
That hung outside the door of his hut
But the woman had fallen against a rut.

That grew beside the shanty door
He brought her in and on the floor
The mother and the baby lay
In the hut of the wild MacGray.

It was in his life the first kind act
Man likes honor from even a maniac
He stirred him about and began to think
What he could find warm for her to drink.

He placed her on his tumbled bed
And over her his blanket spread
And soon he had a scant fire glowing
On the floor, weird shadows throwing.

Misery, wretchedness and despair
Are the elements that are there
Poverty, want and days misspent
Perhaps their lives had been well meant.

All was deep and wretched gloom
'Twas the dark pattern in the loom
The one bright thread in the intense dark
Was the innocent babe in its untrod mark.

Outside the whirling blasts of rain
Beat against the window pane
Thro' the night till moon's first ray
Sat and watched the rough MacGray.

Watched and cooled the fevered brow
Of the suffering woman—now—
Watched and fed the little babe
From his coat a rough bed made.

And placed it by the flickering light
'Twas out of the storm of that wild night
They'd been dead had they laid there till break
of day
Said the gruff outcast MacGray.

The sufferer lay for days and moaned
And tossed and raved, with fever groaned
Talked of home and mother dear
In her ravings, asked,—was Edward here?

And told of school and happy days
When the sun shone on her but bright rays
Then of the dark days and of their pain
That left a mark on her brow like Cain.

The days pass by, her mind returns
No more her breath with fever burns
Tell me how I came here to-day,
Was the first she spoke to the rude MacGray.

I will tell you my name, you may call me Ruth
Will tell you my story, its sadness, its truth
I have a little money with which I will pay
For your kindness and trouble, she said to
MacGray.

Then I will take my babe and go
That my heart's thank you have—you must know
She did not know that weeks passed by
Since she had heard her little one cry.

That MacGray had gone to the town of Lynn
Where the people would not let the stray lamb in
And there he had with hands so willing
Earned his very first honest shilling.

And did whatever he could find
What he worked for he did not mind
And when night came the way it was spent
Was to buy some food and nourishment—

For the sufferer on the cot
In his hut, and it fell his lot
The first in his life that he should find
Human sympathy for his kind.

He watched at night by the woman's side
He fed the infant when it cried
He watched for days as the long hours passed
Without one sign that he was harassed.

The babe had become to him as life
He seemed to feel he was through with strife.
It had brought a peace into his heart
Of which he could not bear to part,

And as her name and story told
Without one trait of boasting bold
But beaten, heavy hearted, crushed
The first love of his life had rushed—

Thro' his veins and heart and mind
To her at least I can be kind
She does not think, that I'm all bad
That I can prove it I am glad.

Ane she will go away that's clear
I'll ask her to leave the little one here,
Until she finds a snugger place
For the little one with its pretty face.

I wonder why the little one
Makes me think of what I've done
When I left to wildly roam
Away from my boyish home.

It makes me think of brother Ned
Edward she cried on her raving bed,
But she's not from across the sea
She is from this country.

I don't want to hear your story, miss,
Nor do I want any thanks for this
Little I've done for you to-day
Said the changed—changed MacGray.

You can leave the little one here, if you will
I think I can keep it quiet and still
Until you get back to your friends
Said MacGray, I'll make amends—

For asking to keep from her the child
Perhaps she'll dream I think her wild.
Perhaps she will think I am trying to cheer
But I wish she would not go from here.

But of course she will for she is proud
Even if it would be her shroud.
She will go for that's what she said
Even if she would be brought back dead.

I do not want your money—my lass
Whoever knows, it may come to pass.
I'll ask a favor of you some day
Said the wavering MacGray.

Ruth's hair was light, her eyes was blue
And she would have made a woman true
Had she been dealt with intent kind
No better woman could you find,

She was quiet and reserved
Her childhood's belief she preserved
That God in his merciful ways
Would protect her all her days.

She had been led along the path
Of many one like her who hath
No suspicion of another
It was no less than the brother—

Of the man whose very shelter
Had covered and protected her
Her story told—'twas a piteous lay
May God forgive him said MacGray.

I will leave my little one here awhile
And will go from here about a mile
Where I will find work and soon return
For my babe my heart will yearn.

I know you will be good and kind
I did not think to ever find
One friend in all my bitter woe
God bless you sir—now I will go.

Out in the night again she strode
Away from the tumbled down abode
I'll soon return with food and clothes
This was the better way to choose.

His face is rough but his heart is kind
I do not think he has repined
None but a man kind indeed
Would pity a woman he found in need.

She reached the edge of a forest clearing
On to the town she is nearing
Tired, weary and very weak
She sat down a little rest to seek

The bitter tears rolled from her eyes
As she raised her piteous face to the skies
A cracking twig that near her lay
And beside her stood the dark MacGray.

Come back to the hut—don't go away
The babe will cry for you night and day
You can stay there and I'll go away
Said the choking voice of MacGray.

I can work, I'm strong and rough
I can earn plenty and enough
For me and you and the baby too
And that is what I'd like to do.

And they were wed this outcast pair
And such an occurrence was so rare
That the good people of the town of Lynn
Made great commotion and great din.

They saved a little and moved far west
There they come to find such rest
As they never before had felt
So thankful for it they fervently knelt—

And thanked the giver of all peace
For their sorrows seemed to cease.
Prudent, careful and devout
Were their lives from that time out.

MacGray did well in all his undertakings
They had a quiet life and also merry makings.
The girl grew up like a pure bright ray
And the name they gave her was Ruth MacGray

Respected and loved far and near
Charitable, kind no one need fear
To call for aid from him night or day
For riches had come unto MacGray.

He had struck a mine in his early trials
Had worked at it with many denials
At last it yielded its bright gold
And brought him flowing wealth untold.

Upright, brave, staunch and true
He lived with ever this thought in view
To atone by kindly life
For the days he lived in strife.

Back to the little town of Lynn [in
Where the good folks would not let the outcast
Back after twenty years to the day
Strode the tall white haired MacGray.

Back again after all the years
With their unseen joys and fears
On his scared and mangled face
You could not find one repulsive trace.

His head was venerable and white
On his face a peaceful light
Sadness and strife—love wiped away
And before us stands the—"Man MacGray."

February 20, 1895.



STELLA.

STELLA: ANGEL OR DEVIL.

To study the character of a soul
We must begin as the ocean's roll
At the beginning of all time
Tracing thro' all ages clime
What we manifest to-day.
Is but gleamed from far away
In earlier times and exprest' now
Unwilling perhaps but a truthful vow
Which nature in her moods so wild
Expects of her vagrant child.

What we know and are this hour
A century hence would make us cower
With our egotistic pride
Swimming in presumptuous' tide
No one mind ever comprehends
Another's mind: and thus defends,
The dense misunderstood position
Of a soul whose mute transition
Spends its force like the ebbing wave
Ending with the quiet grave.

An offspring of both parents mild
To this strange peculiar child
Early grown to womanhood
They have labored for her good
See in her fantastic traits
Something on their spirit grates
Her frolicks wild and fearless ways
Think they in her older days
Wisdom on her then will rest
They chide her not, they think it best.

And there is no known reason
Why her life should have been treason
To the part that was divine
God given—we should not resign
To the depths of which is base
Then we're like the broken vase
Which cannot ever be made whole
So tis with the broken soul
We cannot mar but never make
The truth for its eternal sake.

Stella grew and thrived awhile
All without apparent guile
Brighter than her comrades round
She seemed with inner influence surround'
Statuesque her face and fair
Like the raven's wing her hair
Darkest eyes whose depths ere tells
Hidden stories like unknown wells
As swiftest flows the deepest streams
Most intense lives appear as dreams.

Tw'as so with Stella, one never knew
From appearance as she grew
Whether she was calm and mild
Whether she was fierce and wild,
So well adapted was her mind
To every mood that nature lined
Out upon her crossed pathway
Like shadows on the sunny day,
Thus her life was densely checked
With heavy woes her life was decked.

In the village she was known
As an angel who alone
The rays of God's grace fell upon
And whose artless method's don
Downcast eyes and quiet airs
Deportment meek she ever wears
Among the sick a soothing voice
Also the poor—it seems her choice
On her brow the martyr's crown
Fully rests with calm renown.

The beginning of her eighteenth year
Marks an epoch very clear
In the life of this strange creature,
And it was a fearful feature,
A murderous instinct takes possession
And she yields with slight concession
Toward the impulse and unyielding
Not one wish is she shielding
Like the storm gathering shades
The spirit of light shrinks and fades.

Nursing by a sick bedside
In early spring at eventide
A woman broken, bent and old
And withal worth untold gold
Stella stood with glittering eye
Wishing she would see her die
That she might come unto wealth
Which she took with evil stealth.
To the sleeping woman gave
Poison from which she could not save.

Saw her die and laid away
And her dust makes gold to-day.
We little think with grasp and greed
The mills of the Gods we slowly feed
Stella stole her wealth and fled
To the city with steady tread.
She had youth to lead on her
Which meant strength: and upon
Whose strong arm she rests with ease
Thinks alas—gold will appeas.

The soul when it looks for more
Than undug gold or ungained lore,
She revels in the city's glare
Of its pomp and glitter rare
Wine and food of richest cost
Realizing not the frost
Of winter is about to chill
And her soul with anguish fill
Only sees the rising star
Whose setting seems so very far.

Crowded round by luxurious vanity
Heeding not the sad humanity
Which about her fauned and hung
And her praises ever sung,
Until one day a crippled boy
Who was his mother's only joy
Came to beg at her golden door
Almost groveling to the floor
Bowed with hunder and so abject
That a hardn'ed heart must needs reflect.

Stella took him by the hand
Led him in her palace grand
Gave him gold—and food to eat
Sat him in a downey seat
In the corner of a couch
Heard his story, she could vouch
For its depth and truthfulness
He reluctant to confess
Seeks the mother bids her share
The happy home she will prepare.

Happy boy and happy mother
They will never find another
Friend whose kind and thoughtful heart
Took from them the awful dart
Of poverty and wretchedness
Lifted up their deep distress
They bless her every night in prayer
The God sent one: an angel rare
Stands she out before their eyes
Like Venus in the western skies.

Like the butterfly bright and gay
Stella wiles her life away
Among the friends who crowd around
And whose friendship is firm and sound
Her glittering eye scans far and wide
And she turns like the backward tide
When she knows their hearts are hers
And with smiles she onward lure
Like the snake who charms the thrush
She grasps their soul—only to crush.

And to come to it direct
Bringing in all due respect
'Tis in human life the aim
Human love is an empty name,
Self is the highest moral standard
To which everything is pandered.
We may listen, pray and preach
But 'tis still beyond our reach
To drop this self and live outside
The bond of I; which still is pride.

Stella stands in the ballroom's glare
To-night, with arms and shoulders bare
Clad in yellow silk, whose sheen
Brilliant shines in the bright light's glean.
For every one a word and smile
And in her heart a heavy guile
Is working still and sure its way
She steals the hearts of the happy and gay
She steals the love of those she can
She breaks the hearts of many a man.

In her eye the devil lurks
In her smile the devil smirks,
For she plans and wilfully tries
To bring misery and then disguise
With brightest smile her deep intent
She plies her art on mischief bent
Draws around her with cunning glee
Slaves whose heart she ne'er will free
The fabled spider and the fly
Is the analogy of her sigh

Bends there by her stately side
A noble youth who ne'er had guide,
The stately Stella he adored.
But her life be only bored
Ple'd his love long and in vain
She never heeds his grief and pain
With sarcastic laugh and smile
Greets his pleadings; then a vile
Thought he firmly grasps
At her feet in awful gasps.

Dies and pours his warm life's blood
Like a flowing living flood
To her life a sacrifice
Thinks not whether blind or wise
Dies for love of her alone.
Without one curse or cry or moan
Stella turns from him as cold
As if her heart was cast in mould
Of granite from the deepest earth
Or never knew of human birth.

Cares not for the dying groan
Of one who loves her soul alone
Separate from all earthly ties
No selfish thought his love implies
On in sumptuous glee she treads
Trampling loving hearts who sheds
Tears upon her way, enough
To make the smoothest pathway rough,
Ruffle lives that come before her
Ruin lives that ere would falter.

If by love they were not led
And by love they were not fed
Ruined lives in the world to-day
Are spoiled by love in its awful sway
In its strong and wild desires
It wishes all like forest fires
Not content less every tree
To the roots is mournfully
Burned ! blackened ! and charred
Mangled fearfully and scarred.

And the length of Stella's sway
Is a lesson to those who may
Think to grasp and persevere
In unrighteous life and drear
Is the aspect of a mind
Who relies in their youthful prime
To the days whose seeming cheer
Makes the dying twilight clear
When life takes on brightest hues
Fair as telescopic views.

A woman comes this very night
In the ball room's glitter bright,
Of the stately Stella begs
To tell her story with its dregs
Of human misery and woe
She has on earth no where to go
She is shunned by human kind
They only swear and frown and grind
Like a leper pass her by
Never heed her wailing cry.

Alice is her maiden name
And her lover was the same
Youth who had at Stella's shrine
Spilt his blood like blood red wine
Whispers unto Stella's ear
Her sad story with its fear
Of coming hunger, want and home
Stands she to-night in the world alone.
Only the streets for me await
Is the reason I rap at your charitable gate.

To her home the woman brought
Stella thro' the city sought
Choicest food for her pallid lips
Honey from the bee who sips
From the fragrant flowers the dew
For the lives for which it grew
When she heard her sad, sad tale
Without thought to weep and wail
Made her comfortable and warm
Heeded not conventions form.

Alice died, yet lived her babe
She begs the stately Stella save
Her little one from unkind hands
Stella yields to her demands
Makes a promise with the mother
That the child will ne're know other
Than herself to look upon ;
And the loving little one
Grew and romped in childish fun.
Stella loved him as her son.

Stella guards with deep alarm
The little one from apparent harm
Sings at night a soothing croon
Then a most melodious tune
For the little orphan child
Could you now believe her wild
Cruel, barbarous and false
As she steps the gliding waltz
Out among her comrades gay
Treating night hours as the day.

Which she does as time rolls by
Joins again the throngs who vie
In secret triumph to outdo
Stella stands in the full glare's view
Brilliant, beautiful and defiant
Noble looking and self-reliant
Still around her as the magnet
Clings her followers and the signet
Of their standing and renown
Is to follow Stella's gown.

For she sets the flippant styles
With her gold and art and wiles
Tighter draws the willing slaves
To the rules which fashion paves.
Stella is the queenly bee
Adored by a buzzing sea,
At her beck and call they follow
Society is as empty—hollow
As the tree whose outside bark
Stands alone a ruined mark.

Ah! that life should mean so much,
Heightest heights within our touch,
The universe within our grasp,
Yet we lack the power to clasp.
Ah! that life so little means
That past ages little seems
More than the wave and turn of the tide
Only whose bright and better side
Is the dream of an illusion
We know to-day in our hearts seclusion.

But away with such discussion
Back to the story whose expression
Is meant because there are such souls
Which nature holds in her mysterious folds
Of good and bad alike composed
In light and dark also enclosed,
Who in all this world can say,
One is good or bad? I pray,
We know not of the soul its mixture
We ne'er can classify its fixture.

Stella with the gambler's glee
Wins and loses tremously
At the roulette table seated
After all her friends retreated
Her face is deeply drawn and pale
In her eyes the plain tell tale
Look of nightly dissipation
Lines that show the concentration
Of her life and steadfast growing
Toward the whirlwind she is sowing.

Piles the gold she quickly wins
Counting not the many sins
Which that shining metal covers
Law and church and even lovers
Fall beneath its tyrant sway
Controls alike the sad and gay.
Stella thinks not of these things
Only the luxury that it brings,
Is the extent of her thought as she glides
Away with her gold as the storm which rides.

On with destruction. o'er land and sea
Wild and fierce, yet always free
Never stops to look behind
Does not think she is unkind
Sees not hearts that she has broken
Sees them not by any token
In her selfish greed for gain
Has laughed and mocked at the loser's pain
Grasping her gold with a miser's greed
She gropes her way thro' want and need.

Out past the portal whose every stone
Could tell a story and wail a moan
Homes and hearts in misery wrecked
The march of broken lives not checked
Lying prostrate in a heap
A sight which makes her cold heart leap
Face down! dead upon the ground
Shot thro' the heart when he was found
A man with hair as white as snow
His last gold gone in the awful flow.

Which Stella had reaped that very night
My God! she cried with guilty fright
Poor old man, mine was the hand
That drove you away from this fair land.
Cursed be the glittering gold
Which has brought this man so old
To throw away his wretched life
Because he could not stand the strife
To face the world when on came age
Without wealth 'tis one tempestuous page.

A sad eyed woman dressed in black
Showing that life had been a rack
Upon which she'd been bent and torn
Claimed the dead with voice so worn
And broken low and sad.
'Tis no wonder the world's half mad
Upon some hearts the weight of woe
Is more than should be worn; yet lo!
Out from the very saddest souls
Deepest wisdom oft condole.

Stella poured into her lap
Yellow gold to fill the gap
Of her deep heart rendering grief
Thinks she with her false belief
That worldly wealth ere' filled the void
Of the hearts love and alloyed
Is anything that this earth yields
Under earth or in the fields
In the water or the sky
When love calls with its deathless cry.

Stella turned from them away
Quaffed the wine cup night and day
Reveled in all worldly vice
That would bring some new device
To wile away the hours in pleasure
Life has now to her no treasure
Growing old the world has lost
All the joy which it had cost
Her brightest years of youth and strength
The law of life has its true length.

Which we cannot wilfully cheat
Else we ever will repeat
With the sages of the past
The best of life can never last
Changes alone await for all
We must respond to nature's call
Perhaps 'tis best for these who've cross'd
The mysterious line of deaths drear frost
There are lives whose hearts are dead
As withered grass whose green has fled.

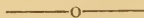
And we know not which is best
Whether life or death is rest
And altho' we are sincere
Nothing on this plane is clear
Days and years pass grimly by
In the end there is no tie
On this earth that ere' is binding
We are past the bliss of finding
Any stationery love
We look beyond and above.

In a garrett desolate
Dying Stella faces fate
Which we all must face some day
Death the body's great decay
Sharing her last humble crust
With a sick comrade who must
On the self same highway pass
Who goes to join the unknown class
Of souls who pass beyond this life
Souls who pass away from strife.

Thus the lonely woman dies
None to calm her dying cries
Stella's moaning, choking gasp
With consolation in her clasp
To her sister dead she turns
Thro' her veins the fever burns
Twines the dead in her embrace
Now death I can surely face
Two dead women were found next day,
Found in an attic at day break grey.

One hundred entities am I
And understand them all
Good and bad! low and high
Answer to my call.
Should be the knowledge of every mind
In whose mysteries we would find
Knowledge wide and broad and deep
Which we sacredly would keep
Out from one ray is the whole
Angel! devil! shadows the soul.

July 8, 1895.



“SEAMAN BEN.”

A seafaring man, was big gruff Ben
Faring the sea for fame
A ship of his own is his dream and then
He will wear a captain's name.
Faces the sea in roughest storms.
With song and laugh and cheer
Facing danger in all forms
Without one shade of fear.
Compact and small is his snug little craft
Manned by firm, strong men,
Loves the breeze whose salty waft
Means more than lake and fen.
Ben has grown up from a rugged boy
Close by the shores of the sea
Loving the calm and storm with joy
And quiet growing glee.
Wishing to come the day, when he can

Ship on the briney waves
Loving the thought past boyhood to man
Not knowing the way that paves.
One step in life up to the next
Is made with effort so sad
But which is the old, old text
We ever expect to be glad.
By the next turn that comes to our life,
Blindly we beat our way
Over the billows with ignorant strife
All will rise who may
Breathe well and rise on the sea's wild crest
Battling the wave and the wind.
Harshest battles we know are best,
Irrespective of their kind.
Ben in his sailor's way jogs along plain,
Happy and hearty and free
As yet has known no sorrow nor pain
His life is like the calm sea.
Dreads not the storms of the winter's chill
blast
Thinks he the sun will e'er shine
Always and ever upon his white mast
Thinks he no cause to repine.
Salty the sea breeze falls o'er his small boat
Strengthening, firm and strong.
Crafty the sharks in the ocean afloat
Follow his wake along.
Big Ben the joy of all on board
Handsome, true and brave,
Blue eyed—light haired—he can afford
The titled god to save.
Anchors his boat near the rocky coast
Off from the English bay.
All that know brave Ben can boast
Of his good seamanship's way.
Lands he in small boats on his native isle

Finds out the girls he adores.

Tells he sea stories with many a smile—
Tells how the ocean roars

When out in the depths past sight of land.
'Tells of its deep treacherous pranks
Carries away like grains of sand
All within its ranks.

Yet of its power I am not afraid
Brave Ben cried unto his love
If at bottom of sea I'm laid
He'll see me from above.

The cool driving breeze of the salt sea air
Gave big Ben strength and health
The oil cloth suit we see him wear
And his boat comprised his wealth.

Staunch as the timber in the little crafts' keel
Is the heart of seaman Ben.

True thro' hardest woe and weal
One brave soul amongst all men.

Sets he again with face out to the sea
Braving the breakers so wild.

Firm as a lion yet gently
Loving as a child

Proud indeed of his bran new ship
Manned by a hearty crew

Every rise and falling dip
Speaks that she is new

Fine is the weather, light are their hearts
As they steam out to the deep

They've bid goodbye to their sweethearts
With hopes that they will keep

Fresh in their memory the image of those
Who love them more than they can tell

Well for them they know not the woes
There is in the ocean's swell.

Happier than all is big hearted Ben.

Captain at last of his ship—

Prouder than the peacock hen

Ah! but there's many a slip—

Ben will come back to the one he loves

After this first trips o'er

Will make the nest for the pair of doves

And be happy ever more,

When he will wed the lass of his choice

Whose waited for him these years

Alas—she will never hear his voice

Only for her are tears.

Proud Captain Ben on his steamship new

Is fighting a storm to-night

Dark is his eye with clouded view

He is ready for the fight.

Heavy his heart and blanched his cheek

The storm cloud upon him burst

Tearing his ship to atoms and weak

As the sailor's crust—

Beat the heart of the brave seaman Ben

As she settled down in the foam.

Yet brave to his post stands seaman Ben

And goes down without a moan.

Down in the trough of the stormy sea

Ben with his hand on the wheel

Faithful, firm and true, while we

Only sorrow can feel.

A seafaring man was big gruff Ben

Faring the sea for fame.

A ship of his own was his dream and then

Captain Ben his name.

Many a tale does the calm sea tell

Misery—woe and despair—

Stories of deathless love as well

As dying hopes so fair.

Closes the stormy waves o're the big ship.

Next day there's calm at sea.

Never a trace as the waters sip
The warm breeze from land and sea

Years pass and only the story remains
How big Ben sailed out to sea—

Captain of his ship—whose gains
He will meet in eternity.

July 8, 1895.

—o—

“JUDATH THE PROPHETESS.”

A Hindoo maiden a Brahmen slave
Forth to the world her wisdom gave
Years before our Christ was born
She knew the rose and the thorn.
A priestess in her native land
Held she the world's law in her hand
Giving forth with childish faith
The later laws we know which saith
God is love and knowledge power
Like a brilliant heavenly dower
We know not very much more to-day
Than they did in that past age far away.
In material science for us no match
In the science of soul they alone lift the latch
To the door of the chamber of wisdom's deep laws
They were the race that fathomed the cause
Of nature's development the quiet Hindoo
First studied life and inwardly knew
That soul and body were as far apart
Divided like the lightning's dart
Soul for spirit life, body for earth

Nature's great goodness only gave birth
To manifestation of spirit here
To make the unknown law more clear.
The unknown realm is the sphere that's real
The life we live we must needs feel
Is not perfected because there's an end
Which we find not in all nature's trend.
The sun and stars and sky we know
Have existed since times first flow
The trees and grass, the land and sea
Repeat their duties faithfully
Which is not death, in some decay
Which only lasts for one short day
Sprouts the green leaves every spring
Shows us alone in nature's ring
We find the truth of all that lives
Nature to her children gives,
Are the words that Judath speaks
In her heart their melting reeks.
The love for her people who her adore
Prostrate before her to the floor
Are the subjects around her throne
She stands in her time alone
The inner power that sways and yields
Yet all with honest effort deals
With their brethren—not understood
Is the pound of flesh and blood.
Judath the prophetess speaks these things
Light and free as the bird whose wings
Soars o'er mountain and on sea
We should know that thought is free
As wind and bird and light as air
And can travel anywhere.
Judath propesies unto her race
Man will stand and firmly face
All the secrets altho' now hidden

It is only man who is bidden
Seek and ye shall ever find
Is the law for all mankind
Years before we knew this message
Judath spoke with mighty prestage
The Hindoo race are of fine mold
Remind one of the beaten gold,
Whose essence is its strongest force,
So the Hindoo is not coarse
But the finest thought he gives
In his bosom ever lives
To gain Nirvana is his prayer
And his sins are very rare
A people who entirely bloom
In the solitude of the tomb.
Spake the prophetess—man shall thrive
He is the only thing alive
Which will grasp and ever rule
The elements in nature's school
All unto his throne shall bow
Only when he has learned how
The unseen power to subjugate
And 'tis coming slow by fate
The birth of god's was well predicted
The war of nation's who were evicted
From their native lands so dear
Judath the prophetess made very clear
Prophesied new worlds to be found
And gold be dug beneath the ground
This day her twentieth year appeared
Beautiful was Judath and well reared
Small of stature, slight of limb
She knew naught of any whim
Reared alone in silence deep
The old tradition to faithfully keep
To have a prophet in their flock

Was foundation and a rock
To build upon a temple vast
And dream forever it would last.
Judath to love must never yield
Should she fall her fate is sealed.
The power to prophesy will pass
Unto another of her class
Strong indeed must she guard her heart
For love we know takes not a part
Is not content without the whole
Of the helpless struggling soul.
When entangled in love's net
Hopeless: we, our sun is set—
Comes a youth one summer day
Shining eyes and blithe and gay
Lithe and light his easy swing
In his voice the lover's ring.
Meets Judath the prophetess—
Promptly tells of his distress.
That of love for her alone
He would die without a moan
In her lover's sweet embrace
Judath drops her glowing face
Melting eyes with love's bright ray
Meets her lover's eyes of grey
Ah! the oak and ivy leaf
Often twine for deepest grief.
Judath cries for love I'll die
To her outraged people's sigh
This last prophecy will I make
Love shall live for love's own sake.
Through all time in every race
Animal, man and even space
The very atoms of the air
Is attracted from their lair
By the law of love alone

Making one--unseen--unknown--
Judath garbed in softest white
Standing frail in the bright sunlight
Prepared to meet the awful fate.
Sad, O, sad to relate
Burning in the fagots glare
Judath's eyes with beauty rare
Seeks in the crowd her lover's face
Smiles with meek and winning grace
Altho' I die, our love shall live
Is the last message that I give
Humanity yet will understand
Love is the law in every land
Pity 'twas there was no redress
For Judath the prophetess.
Judath prophetess thy wisdom to-day
Is little understood by those who may
Come to this knowledge in latter years
After battles of life with storms and tears
Conceited we grope on our way so blind
Thinking the pearls we surely find
Without dropping down our hand in the sea
Away from the grosser self must we flee
To reach the height which Judath gave
O'er that early nation's grave.
Her fate is only one of all
Who studies closely nature's call.
Their burnt with satire, sneer and scorn
Every day of life a thorn
Man with his intense selfish aim
Keeps from himself a higher name.
The true law of life must be lived outside
The inner self: if not deep pride
Settles in and takes possession
We can say with true confession
As superstitious are we to-day

As that nation far away
By the law whose ignorant stress
Burnt Judath, the prophetess.

July 11. 1895.

—o—

CANADIAN JIM.

A story was told
One drear winter's night
The story was bold
For Jim was a knight.

Rough shod his shoes,
And a coat of old fur,
In fear he would lose
The title of Sir.

Some of the others
In the old logging camp
Nine of these brothers
Noticed the damp.

But Jim was the father,
And all he said, went,
The rest of them rather
Begging be sent.

Than to go contrary,
To what Jim said,
For alone he was wary,
And then kept his head.

In all kind of danger,
Without much alarm,
Yet he was no stranger
To very great harm.

His aim as a hunter,
Was deadly and straight,
Jim ne'er was a grunter,
And knew every bait

That trapped the wild beast
That roved Canada's wood,
And the boys knew at least,
That old Jim was good.

He never spoke much,
In fact was so still,
The lads thought him such
As hadn't much will.

On old aged Jim,
Thrust they many a laugh,
Without a gruff whim,
He took their light chaff.

This night round the camp-fire,
Ten men crouched around,
Old Jim was the drier,
Of all on the ground.

As usual he nodded,
With nothing to say,
As he always had plodded
Forty years and a day.

Through the foothills and wild
Of far western land,
Since he was a child
With no helping hand.

To guide him no kindness,
To help him, no joy,
He ne'er had known happiness
Since he was a boy.

To-night the boys laughing
And joking with cheer
In the loggers camp quaffing,
Life's fun without fear.

With many a story,
And bright songs they sing,
They tell in their glory,
Of youth's joyous ring.

Merry, light hearted,
Sing they to-night,
Aside from them parted
Sits Jim near the light.

From the day bent,
With hands round his knees,
The joy of life lent
To the wind and the trees.

He heeds not their liveliness,
Hears not their song,
Feels not his own distress,
Eyes fixed and long.

Watches the burning pile,
With dull despair,
Watches with breaking smile,
Dying embers there.

Tell us a story, Jim.
Please sir, to-night,
Tell it with good old vim,
You have a right.

We've never asked for one
All summer long,
Now you have had your run,
We are the strong.

Jim smiled and hunched a bit,
Drew up his coat,
Looked around where he would sit,
While the story quote.

Forty years to-night, my boys,
I was a lad in Maine.
Not brought up to many joys,
Which you might call gain.

I wooed and won a pretty lass,
Bessie Bruce her name,
And it seems it came to pass,
To our wedding came.

A lad with murder in his heart
Jealousy deep as hell,
He was bound that we should part,
Told his story well.

I was the most unsuspecting,
Kind of youth in them days,
Thought the truth he was relating
The way the story raised.

In my heart a pile of hate,
He said Bess wasn't true,
And I said as sure as fate,
I'd never cross her view.

I had gone and wed the girl,
But that night I rode away
With my soul in awful whirl
And I savagely would pay

Some one to have wilfully killed,
Bessie, I hated her so,
But the devil nearly filled
My heart with vicious woe.



But to-night boys—I saw Bessie
 Standing there beside the fire
Just the shadow of her mercy
 Is my secret hearts' desire.

A hot tear rolled down
Jim's dry withered cheek,
He fluttered and splashed around
And then settled meek.

Years passed the lad he died,
On his death bed
Constantly for Jim he cried,
Something in his head

Bothered him night and day,
He could not die.
I went to him and—say—
This was his sigh.

Said that of Bess he'd lied,
She was true as gold,
But in his wretched pride
To the devil sold.

All that in him was good,
In that lie that day,
Wished then the maker would,
Strike him down some way.

He died that night, and I
Set out for Bess,
Down on my knees and cry,
My sin confess.

I found Bessie laid away
Underneath the sod;
Two years, and now I pray
Strike me dead; Oh! God.

The very last words, she said,
Was to tell Jim
Heart broken—dead she laid,
And for love of him.

I have wandered since that time,
Roamed these hills for years;
Although I've traveled many a clime;
To-night shed my first tears.

But to-night, Boys, I saw Bessie,
Standing there beside the fire,
And the shadow of her mercy
Is my secret heart's desire.

There she is my boys again,
Don't you see her standing there?
I'm young Jim to-night from Maine
And with my sweetheart Bessie's fair.

And she beckons me to stand,
Stretches out her hand—says Jim
I will lead you through the land
And will lead you up to Him.

And I'm going, boys, good-bye,
Bess has come to me at last,
With yearning arms and welcome cry
Bessie dear our sorrows passed

They buried him 'neath the Canadian snow,
They said the old man's mind was frail.
Over his grave the wild winds blow,
With many a sigh and moan and wail.

They tell the story in after years,
Of how Jim died one winter night,
They told he shed a few salt tears,
But said Jim had died of fright.

July 12, 1895.

"SPIRIT."

Laying aside the thoughts of earth
The spirit flies to future birth
In uncheckered mental flight
Independent of day or night.
The unfettered soul can rapidly flee
On the land or on the sea
Out into eternal space
Thro' the lines of all the race
Into Egypt by the sea,
Piercing into eternity.
From earliest childhood the growth of soul
Strives to reach the very goal
That cannot here be attained
Perhaps 'tis why we are retained
Cycles on this plane below.
The constellation to which we grow
Stronger every day of life
Is universal and without strife.
Life in all atomic force
Paves the way in truest course
To the universal plan
And epitomizes man.
The smallest minute sand
On the widening ocean strand
Is manifest and strong
And to various forms belong.
And the smallest blade of grass
In our very lives outclass.
All the scientific truths

Which in nature ever proves
That beyond our utmost grasp
Which we vainly try to clasp
Is the true life that is real
And we deeply ever feel
We can never understand
That which seems so close at hand.
Why does man forever pine
Never to his life consign
Quiet life or ere content
Every step appears misspent
And as every year has passed
All the coming ones more massed
With perplexities more dense
He thinks to fight it with more sense
Does he? time alone will tell
The future throws its charming spell
Over mind and man and plant
And to say so is not cant.
Out from all the past we gleam
Not as if an unknown realm
Had cast upon us passing lights
They are real and living sights
Perhaps 'tis why we grasp and groan
And why we fight and fight and moan.
The spirit life of most mankind
Is different from material mind
Man manifests upon two planes
'Tis a world wide law that he maintains
Man's spirit soars in unseen realms
While the physical portion scarcely deems
It necessary to move but slow
And short the way it has to go
From the cradle to the grave.
Walked with cowardice or brave—
When it takes a space of years

With broken hopes and silent tears
The spirit scans quick as thought
Thousands of years are but as nought
To the soul that is free from earth
Deep understanding is as mirth
To the soul that has crossed the line
Seeking for the eternal mine.
The knowledge of the passing races
Comes at only various spaces
Time with unconcealed delight
Renders the gleaning a desperate fight.
The ever unfolding soul of man
Thro' civilizaton's giant plan
Has come out thro' the ages past
As a strong ray of light which will always cast
Reflection along the shores of time
In touches of anguish, in touches of rhyme.
War with its dark unholy cloud
With terrible voice has cried aloud
Left a trail of destruction black
Left a mark of the chain and rack—
While peace has left a shining ray
Strong as the sun, night and day.
Material elements are war and peace
When their no more—Progression will cease.
The element of material life
E'en in quietude or strife
Whether in man or plant or tree
Is tuned in nature's harmonious key.
Through the universe prevades
As in all past decades
Element of spirit force
True to its directed course.
All powerful yet to us unseen
We cannot think of it a dream.
Deep in the heart of man is burning

The wish for future life and yearning
Is his intense soul
For the rest and final goal
Which we find not on this plane
But hope we may obtain
When we lay aside the thoughts of earth
And the spirit flies to future birth.

Feb. 25, 1895.

—o—
“OLIVIA.”
—

Olivia firm and slow
In the evening's darkening glow
Treads the garden path in gloom
Her face has lost its beauteous bloom
Pale and shadow like she glides
In her heart no peace abides
Wild and glaring shines her eyes
Piercing to the very skies
Serpent like her weaving tread
Waving to and fro her head
Proud and haughty—defiant, sad—
And her heart is raging mad.

Slow and measured is her act
Olivia has the utmost tact
Yet with misery deep distress
And within her soul no rest
Grasping with intense strength
Life and love at any length
Is her pleading piteous wail
She stands now—without the veil
'Tis the soul we see at last
Ever to the curse is fast
Groaning now in mute despair
Oh, to rest—rest—anywhere.



Groaning now in mute despair
Oh! to rest—rest—anywhere.

The curse upon her will ever ring
Thro' her ears and ever cling
On thro' time with sickening dread
While she prays that she were dead.
She has lived thro' all past ages
She has knowledge of the sages
Who have lived and passed away
Thousands of years—and to-day—
Olivia lives and cannot die
That is her one wailing cry
The curse upon her in a breath
She lives a life of living death.

Raging is her awful mind
Wild for rest she cannot find
Knowing her soul is foul and black
She can only see the hideous track
And torture of her endless life
Filled with agony and strife
She sees her soul in a body clad
Beauteous, which only drives her mad.
The exquisite face and form she wears
She could tear it into shreds as anger bears
Its weight as it eats her heart away
Suffering always night and day.

We see her first in antiquity,
In early Egypt by the sea
A ruler's daughter with command
Over the nobles of the land.
Gold and purple filmy lace—
She is decked with wondrous grace
Slaves to fan and cool her brow
Slaves to guard and shield, and now—
Arbadace her lover, brave and bold
With bristling steed and armour of gold
Awaits outside the columned portal—
Olivia—indeed a happy mortal.

He is a descent of noble line,
Of Egyptian kings, his profile fine .
And deeply cut, dark flashing eye—
Proud of bearing—the eagle's cry
Like unto his soaring mind,
In all of Egypt you cannot find
One more firm and true and brave
Than Arbadace, who lives not—save
In the glamour of Olivia's love
The unseen only who are above—
Can understand and not repine
Can understand—to love divine.

Yet Olivia was cold and stern
No divine spark in her heart could burn
False to every thought express'd—
Crafty—designing—and addressed
All the power of her given mind
Unto the lowest of her kind.
Untrue to life, and love and nature
Poured on the guilty creature
Volumes of unseen wrath—
There are suffering souls who hath
Never known a peaceful dower
In their lives one single hour.

Arbadace thought her good and true
Adored her as the very few
Who place too high their heart's idol—
Almost their frailness they extol
Yet slumbering in his dark'ning face
Was the madness of his race.
As false to his love Olivia curs'd
On her in wild torrents burst
Thro' all years of coming time
Thou wilt live and madly pine
For the love which thou to-day
Trample on and cast away.

Thou wilt meet me in every age—
I will know thee as an open page
Thou wilt know me from every other
Youth; thou wilt recognize thy lover.
By this sign I show to thee—
An emblem of eternity.
He uttered a low and shivering cry
Thou and I shall never die—
As I now this word repeat
Thou' wilt hear in what ere retreat
In the future thou canst find
'Twill forever ring in thy raving mind.

And thou wilt yearn for me and sigh
As ages and ages pass thee by,
Thy heart shall never find its rest
Tho' wilt ever be in quest
Of life, and love, calm and peace
Thy heart's struggle shall never cease,
Even to the end of time
In any country—any clime—
Shalt thou seek me finding never
By the utmost stern endeavor
On through time—time forever—
No relenting—never—never.

Lest indeed thou shouldst come to know
Love divine in its god-like flow—
Laying aside selfishness—greed—
When thou hast learned to know the need
Of truth and peace and humility,
Thou wilt forever have gentility
And beauty stamped upon thy face
Every outward form of grace—
But thou wilt know thy soul is black
And that will be the very rack
Thou wilt see thy soul alone
To thee my curse is thus made known.

Which did not on Olivia rest
With heavy thought or much distress't
I am beautiful and young
And will pass my life among
Those who love me very much
And whose faithfulness is such
Which will keep from me all harm
I've no need for much alarm
Arbadace raved before he died
Led too far by his own pride
By love for his ruler's child
Which indeed was very wild.

Olivia cried I'll soon forget
That he and I have ever met—
This moment I think of me a king
Of whose praise the nations sing.
He shall then my lover be.
That I am beautiful he will see
And shall feel my strength and power
Stronger than he, have I made cower
By the depth of strong intent—
That this shall be I'm firmly bent
Festivities here shall I commend
And bid the distant king attend.

So with many an art and smile
And withal a little guile
Olivia set about to win
Counting as nothing any sin
Which would bring him to her feet
Humbled from his high born seat.
Clad in white and golden lace
Bending now in winning grace
Flushed—triumphant—sure almost
The king loves me at any cost
Arbadace's curse is nothing more
Than a heart which was very sore.

Out in the night by the flowing Nile
Where blooms the lotus many a mile
The radiant moon its golden light
Spreads with calm and glimmer bright
Shadows the palms in the flowing stream
Senuous in the moonlight gleam
On the marble terrace tread
Olivia and the king, whose head
Towers above her—yet heart to heart
She feels from him she cannot part.
Love and life are in her hand
She will rule queen of the land.

Thus the trend of Olivia's mind
She is yielding, sweet and kind—
She bends and plucks a lotus stalk
In her proud and stately walk,
Out from the silence in the night
She starts—and shrinks with awful fright,
A wailing, low and shivering cry
Rings close to her side—now on high—
Dying away on the distant air
The curse—the curse—Arbadace there
The signal word of which he said
Her eyes are starting from her head.

She bends with fright and turns and sways—
She is ghastly white in the full moon's rays
The king has heard the awful cry,
She sees in his face, she need not try
To understand it different.
His look is fixed with wild intent
Out toward where the unearthly groan
Is dying away in an awful moan.
The meaning of this—I see—
Apparent is well known to thee.
From that night's mysterious ring
Olivia never saw the king.

For his love she pined in secret
In her heart a deep regret
I have nothing now but strife
All the luxuries of life
Since that fatal night have fled.
Father—mother—lover—dead,
The nation's loss is not to me
Deeper than this misery.
I'm doomed to live and never die
I will yet gain courage by
New device and will wage
War with all my inner rage.

The Egyptian nation passed away
Buried 'neath its ancient clay
The loves and hates of thousands of hearts
Intrigues of war and blood which starts
Channels of thought flowing along
The lines of time like a weaving song.
Shadows dark, and shadows light
As breaking day and gathering night
Intense wrath and quiet calm
With serene heavenly balm.
One decade has lightly passed
For the next which will be classed,

In Sparta by the Aegean Sea,
Where lives a people light and free.
There pursuits in this wondrous clime
Is art and love and even rhyme—
The men and women of this race
Are gods and goddesses whose grace
Will live in all futurity—
Free from much immunity.
Of the envy which will follow—
Coming races which are hollow
To this god-like one compared
By the God Zeus, it is cared.

Wandering by the pebbled shore
A maiden reading ancient lore
Sur'ound'd by a group of Grecian maids
In whose minds wisdom grades
Knowledge from their teacher wise—
She with honest effort tries
The oracles with sentiment
Be understood with clear intent
For unseen truth is ever yearning
In her soul a strong fire burning
A recluse now in foreign lands
We see Olivia where she stands.

In this life I'll surely know
Peace and love as I learn and grow
Though knowledge which I find expres't
I think me now I will find rest.
Xantus loves me yet his face
Reminds me of the narrow space
Between this and my own life passed
And this misery is more massed,
Upon my mind and heart and brain
'Tis a fearful deathless train—
Following me these years and years
Spite of all my burning tears.

I yearn for quiet, love and peace
When my struggling soul will cease
Of, that I might be blest with death
I am weary of this breath
Called life: which means the least
Of all that's real: O for the East,
My childhood's native clime
'Twas all but then sublime
I cannot still this stifling hate
Nor can I ever compensate
Is the thought I have to-day
Right or wrong I cannot say.

In this life for the cruel wrongs
Whose shadows are like binding thongs
Which I did in that age gone by
Arbadace's curse and quivering cry
Has rung forever in mine ears
All these long and hopeless years.
Yet through Xantus' love I trust,
To find peace and rest, and must
Guard this secret carefully
To all intent will cheerfully
Bear an outward calm repose
This bane I never will expose.

Olivia was famed far and near
For her wondrous beauty and very dear
Was she to Xantus the hero of Greece
Renowned alike in war and peace.
Loved indeed by young and old
He led the hosts of Spartan's bold
Against the Trojan's mighty men
With honors from the battle—then
At Olivia's shrine his trophies laid
His heart and hand and proudly made
His palace by the flowing tide
To welcome home his lovely bride.

What is this change in his face I see
Me thought last night 'neath the Cypress tree
A low and wailing sound I heard
Again I thought it but a bird.
In his eyes the look was strange
I felt it covered all the range
Of my life and wandering years
Which are like so many sears.
I seemed to see Arbadace's glance
Pierce me like a sharpened lance,
From out the eyes in Xantus' head
Woe is me—I wish me dead.

I dare not meet that look again
Which has brought to me this pain
Me thinks perchance 'tis better fly
Than hear again that deathless cry
My Xantus comes—Ah! changed indeed
I have surely every need
To wish for courage firm and strong
In my fear I may be wrong.
I will not my thoughts confide
But still rely on my nature's pride
Smiling to her lover's bow
Sad is the Greek Olivia, now—

Olivia, the Spartan spoke
What is this mysterious cloak
Which seems to wrap thy thoughts in gloom
It has distress me—and I assume
To think thou art troubled in thy mind,
Of thy life thou hast confined,
The utmost secrecy and yet.
When unguarded thou hast let
Forth some weird and strange like speech
Wise and far beyond thy reach
Of knowledge in this century gleamed
From the ancient Egypt seemed.

Ask me not, Olivia cried—
Dost tho' not know I can scarce abide
Thought of that land by the Red Sea.
What unknown fate or destiny
Has driven thee to ask those things?
This land I love; yon bird that sings
Is no more happy and free than I,
Who loves to sing and dreads to sigh.
Thou speakest false, the Spartan cried,
Tho' hast firmly, vainly tried
From me thy secret to conceal
But to thee I will reveal.

To my mind is now made clear
Thou art haunted by a fear
And thy soul is overtaken
With heavy doubts thy heart is shaken.
Thy beauteous form has from me vanished
I wish from me thy sight could banish.
Well mayest tho' writhe and moan
I feel my heart has turned to stone,
In its loathing hate toward thee
An unknown change has come over me.
A quivering, low and wailing cry
Forth from his lips with an awful sigh.

Smote upon Olivia's ear
Almost dumb with blinding fear
Stricken she listens, cold with fright
The fading and the calm twilight—
The dying hope of a glorions dream
Will live forever an expres'd theme
Shattered her hope of love and bliss
Gone the hope of happiness
Crouched and broken with mute despair
Her wild cries ring in the eventide air
In her dying lover's face
She sees the Egyptian Arbadace.

Raging then with bitter hate
I will yet defy the fate
Cast upon my heart to-day
I will from this land away.
A Roman where the Tibers flow
Colors blue at even's glow
A people strong and harsh and vain
Their barbaric minds retain.
Gleams of a life beyond this sphere
A new Christ is living here
Among the followers in his wake
Olivia, the cross will take.

For her standard of this time
In a different western clime
Love shall never cross my path
I will cast upon it wrath.
This God has given now to me
Hope of calm eternity
His teachings as I understand
Are new unto this Pagan land.
Few his followers, strong their faith
His law is one that saith,
If thy sin be black as night
Repentance will make it white.

I find a peace o'er me steal
That I ne'er before could feel
I will cast from me aside
All that seems as haughty pride
I will humbly bow a knee
To this faith, new it may be
He has said "to others do,
As you would have them do to you."
Which brings to my mind new thought
Within me I feel strangely wrought.
The Roman's clamour for his life
Which he does not pass in strife.

He teaches this present life as nought
To the future one which will be sought
By people for decades to come
As the knowledge of life they vainly sum
With years and years vain effort growing
All good thought, good actions flowing
He is poor and humble—meek—
For reverence does not seek.
He has been sent from another land
Into this one to command
The few who listen to his voice
Even then they have their choice.

Between the belief which he expresses
Many a Roman he distresses,
By his knowledge, Godlike, deep :
Away from "that twelve," I cannot keep
To listen to him contents my heart,
I could never bear to part
From their wisdom which will grow
Every day and learn to know
Here if happy we would be
We must learn humility
Prophetic men his birth foretold
And he will not touch even gold.

High upon Mount Calvary
Stands tall crosses there for three
Olivia on the maddening throng
Calmly watches from among
A few whom she has taught to know
The great truths and their wondrous flow
Of peace and love when the soul is free
From the sins of earth and their revelry,
Saw the God-man, breathe his last
Horror deep on her heart is cast.
The picture of his death to-day
Will never—never pass away.

Olivia, cried, his law was truth
His life and death a proof forsooth ;
It will surely come to pass
Few his followers we can class
Nations yet will homage pay
To the God who died this day
I will journey on through years
Blinded now by no more fears.
In this age I have wisdom learned
And peace for which my soul has yearned
The Romans of the later age
Allowed religious war to rage.

Between the older Pagan sect
And the few of Christ's elect
Into the Amphitheater's ring
They the Christian believes fling
Let the lions tear and eat
Thinking it a glorious feat
Barbarians thy highest prize
Ne'er will penetrate the skies.
The tottering Coliseum of Rome
Honeycombed without a dome
Stands to-day a parable
Little tho' wert charitable.

What is all the pomp to thee—
A drop in the ocean of eternity
All that has lived from out thy age
Oh, Roman—is the small knowledge
Gathered, gleaned and condensed
For the following race to sense.
And if possible to advance
Altho' they may look askance
Of all the periods of the east
The Romish clan the very least
To further all that's free and grand
They are bound by self command.

Fallen Rome, no more the pride
Of the Adriatic's golden tide,
Thy haughty, clamoring race is run
Forever thy grasping day is done
Great evils arose in thy empire
Until at last burnt out by fire
The history of thy later life
Could only be wiped out by strife.
The nations' in its last decay
After a powerful lasting sway
Where stood thy city in splendor proud
Vesuvius' ashes is part its shroud.

Sighed Olivia as her way she wends
On to the sea whose cool charm lends
To her heart with grief distrest
A quietude and calming rest
That age has passed as but a day
In the calendar of life and they
Poor dupes of gold and greed
Thought to live and never need
Look beyond the present time
Into that other glorious clime
Where ther's no divided nation
Passed this mortal habitation.

Plain to my mind they dread to die
Wishing to live always, while I
Would give my life and yield it gladly
The curse upon my heart rests sadly.
To die is not the hardest task
For life is much that wears the mask.
I have known three nation's rise and fall
Known there splendid glories, all—
Yet would I pass their gold and glitter
To lay aside my sorrow bitter
For just one hour of my life
To rid me of this inner strife.

Arbadace's haunting face to me
Is yet the depth of misery
If I could but forget his look
But where e'er I go, in whatever nook
I cannot from him ever hide.
His deathless trail, the ocean's tide
Is not more true and strong and fierce
Than a soul whose mind can pierce
Straight to its directed aim
No known hinderance will it frame
I will suffer on and must
Retribution's law is just.

Time rolls on a western world
A nation new stands unfurled
In intellect standing high, and more
Deeply versed in scientific lore
They follow music, art and rhyme
A noted people in their growing prime
A race of free men who gladly hail
Their motto of Liberty with avail
Their studies in nature's secret mines
Has brought them knowledge in various lines
Thus thro' many years and lands
Olivia lives and understands.

That many ages pass in vain
Before man knows the inner train
Of life, its use and hidden meaning
Every hour means mental gleanings,
And we learn to be content
When we learn development.
Is the law whose unseen working
In the seed of which is lurking
All of nature's immense wealth
Which we cannot have by stealth
With honest thought we must pursue
Our ordered lives and then be true.

To every higher expressed thought
Which brings the knowledge which is sought
Reaching into higher spheres
Attracts the thing which it endears
This modern nation's keen desires
Has brought to it which it aspires
On the verge of discoveries vast
Alas! e'en this age cannot last
Yet will leave its brightened ray
Along the sweep of life's pathway
An oasis in the desert sand
Is the birthright of this land.

Away from Egypt her native shore
Olivia hears the ocean's roar
In this new world in the west
Its activity and zest
To her life a sweet charm lending
As her lovely pathway trending
On thro' years to another race
To another decade in the lines of space.
O, that we might in our worshipful rapture
Just one hour of that future life capture.
They live with the sixth sense developed entire
They are more than mortal and past desire.

They have reached a high perfection
They indeed a choice selection
Of the previous nation's powers
Peaceful mind their rightful dowers.
They dwell and live with understanding
Of Nature in its vast commanding
Among them is no rough confusion
And they live not in seclusion.
Instead of wasted strength and talk
Silently in life they walk
With them there's no day or night
They read and know in the astral light.

All their power of comprehension
Is not wasted with intention
All their energetic strength
In its outward flowing length.
Inwardly is firmly turned
'Tis a wisdom they have learned
We to day think not to save
Any thing to hold the grave
With its yawning deep abyss
And the lost hope of happiness
From us very far away
What we court is death to-day.

A brief respite has Olivia gained
Of the curse which has her spirit maimed
The later periods she has passed by
She has escaped the deathless cry
In this age, I'll persevere
Olivia said altho' severe
To perfect my sinking soul
Alas the journey will condole
Something to my sorrowing mind
Thus in knowledge which I find
Is the perfect law which leads
Out to all our yearning needs.

Olivia lives in youth perpetual
Which is not like our life conditional
Oh, that age should ever creep
That we could escape that sleep
Cast upon all life that breathes
Which is animal, plant and trees
Even earth and moss and rock
Ah! we need not laugh or mock
All things die but spirit force
Which ever lives in its true course
The sun and moon and stars and air,
Have ever lived and now beware.

Of how we reckon materially
For things of earth, ah! verily,
Come to an end which is decay
While the soul of us the one bright ray
Lives forever as sun and star
Can see the past or look afar
Into the future for those who solve
In mysterious silence they evolve
Matter changes; spirit lives
Unchanged is the law which gives
To the seer his northern light
Which sets the magnet needle right.

This wonderful age is a true example
Of understood knowledge and very ample
Is their breadth of intelligent mind
They live quiet, firm and kind.
They read of the age before them passed
Barbarians indeed, is what there classed
With their strife and mad endeavor
To gain—to gain—and never—never
For one moment realizing
But forever are despising
That for which this life was meant
Their one vain cry atonement.

No commerce in this peaceful age
Disturbs their calm unblotted page
They exist on the air and sun
No greed of profit that day is done
Nature has turned her smiling face
To this sylph like spirit race
For years and years she has only frowned
And from the antique races ground
One and all under her heel
This age she loves and we can feel
In the darkness of to-day
A brighter light not far away.

Olivia now surround'd by friends
Ever her charming wisdom lends
Soaring thought and bright discourse
Ever flowing in its source
Looked upon by old and young
As the wisest now among
Many who are now collected
Wishing by her to be directed
They know she has communed with those
Who passed beyond at each century's close
Spirits are as tangible to me
As physical forms are to thee.

Olivia to her followers said,
Be thou never then afraid
If thou wish for such communion
Join with intense strength and union
Thy heart and mind beyond this sphere
Past these things which seem most dear
But withal a passing dream
All things earthly but a gleam
Of that other life and yonder
While we vainly, idly ponder
When we grow to understand
We will reach that wished for land.

Yet when Olivia is alone
A sad and low and pitiful moan
Breaks forth from her weary heart
To die—to die—and with a start
Out in the darkness of earthly night
Coming toward her robed in white
Arbadace with pleading eyes
Waiting for her soul's replies
Forgive—forgive, my cursed pride
Forgive—forgive, Arbadace cried.
All these years I've yearned for thee
Without which there is no eternity.

Peace at last Olivia cried,
Love and life she gently sighed
Her arms around her lover winding
One at last and forever binding
Purified by life's distresses
Perfection is which life expresses
Olivia steps past mortal death
Passed the need of physical breath
Into the sphere she sought so long
Where all is peace and rhyme and song
Her soul as beautiful, white as a dove
Radiant she meets her long lost love.

Some souls upon their last life here
Are dark and withered even sere
They cannot see the reason why
Their soul is sick that is the cry
They understand not any ray
That lights them on their darkened way
And some souls in their first life here
Are made alone of spirit clear
They sense and know and yet consign
All that is—is just—divine—
Perfection is the only goal
Waiting for the struggling soul.

March 13, 1895.

—o—

“THE HOUR THE SHADOWS
GATHER.”

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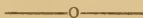
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The hour the shadows gather
The restful time of day
The time we dream and rather
Wile the hour away.
Rock and croon and ponder
As the evening's glow
Settles, and we wonder—
Rocking to and fro.

Wonder as the shadows fall
Of the coming time
Wishing that the future call
Will be pleasing rhyme.
Rock and croon and ponder
As the shadows glide
Night comes on like yonder
Ebbing ocean tide.

Eventide the shadows fall—
 Bringing calm and rest
Eventide the shadows call
 Thoughts which are the best.
Rock and croon and ponder
 As the shadows fall
We but grow the fonder
 Of life's pleasures—all.

April 7, 1895.



I LOVE HIM AND I HATE HIM.

LINES WRITTEN ON OF A FAMOUS CASE OF M. BERRILLION, FRENCH HYPNOTIST.



I love him and I hate him
 And I suffer so I feel
That my brain is turned to madness
 And my heart has turned to steel.

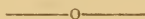
I love him and I hate him
 And the day is turned to night
And yet the hand that smote me
 Might easily make it light.

I love him and I hate him
 All life seems broken now
It was all mistaken measures
 By the breaking of a vow.

I love him and I hate him
 The love will never die
The hate has turned to wormwood
 All the good that's ever nigh.

I love him and I hate him,
 May my love forever live
May the hate that I have felt for him
 Die, and then forgive.

June 16, 1894.



THE STRIVING, RESTLESS MIND OF MAN.

The striving, restless mind of man
 Can not withstand the strain
Of progress' law, let he who can
 Rest, what will he gain.

He will but glean from out the past
 Enough to make him strong
In firm convictions to the last
 Of the injustice of the throng.

The ever searching mind of man
 Will yet scale every height
No law in the universal plan
 But will be in his might.

So let the march forever be
 Onward forever on
As the river winding toward the sea
 Till man and God be one.

January 18, 1895.

SOME DAY.

Some day

Some way

All things will come out right.

Some day

Some way

All our lives will have the light.

Some day

Some way

Darkness will banished be.

Some day

Some way

The end of struggles we shall see.

Some day

Some way

Life's course will smoother glide.

Some day

Some way

Loving peace will abide.

June 16, 1894.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

Saturday night on the City's streets
Sad faces are what we meet
Sad from toil and sad from care
Sad from misery's constant wear
Sad from grief and heart-aches deep
Sad for want of rest and sleep!

Poor sad faces, Oh, how worn
Heavy burdens are the thorn
Faces which might happy be
If only happiness they could see
Scarce one face in all the throng
But the world has judged so very wrong.

O, the sadness of this life
Written in faces with such strife
Makes us feel the woe around us
Makes us know the sadness, thus
We should realize the cause
And we never then would pause

To do the good that we should do
Unconscious whether we are true
To the laws which man has made
Or the heavenly law which said
"Let ye unto others do
As ye would be done unto."

September 2, 1894.

THE MIDNIGHT HOUR.

I love the midnight silent hour
It's intense depth's a priceless dower
It's quiet voice
Gives me a choice
Of nature's many moods.

The midnight's gloomy silent hour
Has strength to make the daylight cower
From its dark'ning view
As the shadows grew
Toward daylight's breaking light.

The midnight's ghostly silent hour
Has in its element the power
To throw its rays
In wondrous ways
On the brightening days that follow.

January 1, 1895.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE RAJAH.

LINES ON PICTURE; BY PAUL SINIBALDI.

The pride of her race—
In her brow and face—
All sheen and lace—
 The daughter of the Rajah

Stately and noble—
No yielding or trouble—
But pride or its double—
 The daughter of the Rajah.

No false conformity—
To form's deformity—
Natural grace with unity—
 The daughter of the Rajah.

Wild with haughty bearing—
Her proud head rearing—
To stooping never nearing—
 The daughter of the Rajah.

In her veins the blood of nations
Proud indeed of their relations—
With the ruler's of creations
 The daughter of the Rajah.

December 27, 1894.

SLEIGH-BELLS.

The sleigh-bells! the sleigh-bells!
The jingling, merry sleigh-bells,
 Hearts so glad,
 Hearts so sad,
The jingling, merry sleigh-bells.

The sleigh-bells! the sleigh-bells!
The jingling, merry sleigh-bells,
 Driving along
 With tune and song,
The jingling, merry sleigh-bells.

The sleigh-bells! the sleigh-bells!
The jingling, merry sleigh-bells,
 Light and gay
 Night and day,
The jingling, merry sleigh-bells.

December 29, 1894.

ON PILA'S PEAK.

LINES TO R. L. STEVENSON.

On Pila's Peak
Is laid to sleep
 A mind whose very core
Teemed full of strains
Against all gains
 Which has poured out its lore.

On Pila's Peak
It will be bleak
 For those who are left behind
But they will know
As we learn and grow
 The good he did mankind.

On Pila's Peak
He will always speak
 In the language dumb of the dead
Not less he lives
Not less he gives
 Altho' the mountain be his bed.

December 30, 1894.

HOW STRANGE.

How strange it is that we should find
Such peace in all this world of strife
How strange it is that to our mind
This is a beautiful glorious life.

How strange it is that peace should be
Given to us unmeasured
That it should be eternally
The wish we had most treasured.

In all this struggling world oppressed
By strife in untold ways
The truth stands perfectly confessed
Peace attends our days.

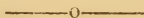
How strange it is that we have known
Discord's destroying power
Known what it was to be alone
Known to almost cower.

Beneath the scorn of malicious thought
'Neath envy's withering breath
It was the trial harsh that brought
Almost the wish for death.

How strange—we know not why
We go through misery's woe
'Tis only when our tears are dry
That unseen strength we know.

How strange that it should be this life
To know such Peace at last
How strange the change mid all the strife
How strange our lives are cast.

July 16, 1894.



WILL SUMMER SUN SHINE BRIGHT AGAIN?

Will summer sun shine bright again?

Ah—no—no.

The spring to woo the dreary cold would fain

I know—I know.

When the heart to love is dead

The warmest sun may shed

Where loving hearts have led

Its rays—I know—I know.

Will life mean anything again

Ah—no—no.

My soul is weighted down with pain

I know—I know—

But behind the clouds so dark

With their heavy thundrous mark

The brilliant sun shines—hark

It's light—I know—I know.

March 6, 1890.

O, EVER SPREADING BLESSED
LIGHT.

O, ever spreading Blessed Light,
 Whence comes thy radiant rays
Filling space with so much might
 Lighting all our days.

Oh, ever spreading Blessed Light
 From God's own hands benign
Had we not thee as almost our right
 Our fate we might resign.

Oh, ever spreading Blessed Light
 Encompassing all the earth
From out our souls we have the sight
 To bless thee at our birth.

January 4, 1895.

I am studying and wondering
And very deeply pondering
 On the mysteriousness of Life, Love and
 Death,
And silently am thinking
In meditation sinking
 Dreaming of the form of this life's breath.

PROGRESSION.

We cannot stay this wondrous tide
Of progression's steadfast stride.
Wavering darts like lightning's flash
Heaving shocks like thunders crash
Mighty rents as earthquak's gap
Tracing o'er the earth's vast map.
Then again with peaceful psalm
Spreads a benediction calm
Over parts of history's life
Days of peace and days of strife

Elsewhere than upon this plain
Evolutes progression's train
All that's life beneath the sea
Teeming molecules earnestly,
Pushing forth with best endeavor
To their perfect end and never
Wavering in their unseen force
To their true directed course
Beneath unfathomed ocean's depths
Works the law in unknown crepts.

The atomic forces of the air
Breathe of knowledge everywhere
Followers of mystic lore
Quickly come to this and more
See in everything the cause
Never for one moment pause.
Knowing that progressive thought
With gold of earth cannot be bought
Progression's act of the future may
Perhaps be progression's thought to-day.

June 25, 1895.

What care I for form or address
When my soul is steeped in sadness
Life holds out for me no gladness
For my heart is almost dead.
All my life I've gladly given
All the good in me and striven
But have had deep misery riven
In my soul and tired head
Perhaps we never should complain
But how can we dull remain
To the truths which lives contain
Ah! that I were dead.

July 15, 1894.

THE POPPY.

Rich and rare thou scarlet beauty
Thou speakest of the orient
To love thee is our pleasant duty
For thou I believe were heaven sent.

Tho' speakest of the eastern breath
Divine with rich perfume
Sweet exotic: no thought of death
Around thy fragrant life consume.

Tho' brilliant, subtle, strong soul'd flower
Of the dreamy orient tho' art a copy
Sweet eastern essence is thy dower
Intoxicating, passionate poppy.

July 6, 1894.

SONG.

Sad is the heart I carry to-night
Thinking love of thee
My suffering soul in awful plight
Is in deep misery.
Thy face is engraven in my heart
Fixed forever there
And our spirits ne'er will part
Love is so rare.

Life has much to make me glad
Thinking love of thee
Yet with all I am very sad
You are away from me
Shines the sun on sea and shore
With a glowing ring
My sad soul forever more
To thine my love will cling.

July 20, 1895.

“INDIVIDUALITY.”

To live to please any one
Is to part with your individuality
Each life in its silent run
Should be like a nationality.
Battlements of firmest kind
Built compact to stand,
All the storms which it might find
Throughout all the land.
The truest life is lived outside
Much of convention's form
Free as the flowing tide
Yet not like the storm.
No fierce nor wild desires
Should we e'er yield
Wishing for no empires
But our own field.
Guard our own life so well
With outlook so brave
That a history we can tell
This side of the grave.
Never—never—weakly live
All your life long
Stand up and firmly give
Forth something strong.
Be not dictated by
Every other mind,

Just start and only try
Your own aim to find.
You will find the path which leads
On to your star
As the shadow never heeds
The light which shines afar.
And be not trampled on
By pretended friend or foe
Mental battles easily won
Is our deepest woe.
But with eye fixed keen and kind
Watch with earnest loving heart
Live—that not the strongest mind
With honor to yourself can part.

July 18, 1895.

“SOCRATES.”

Thou wonderful mind of untold depth
Socrates—sage of the east
Thy thoughts expand and wrap in their wealth—
Struggling minds at least.

Thy mind encompass'd all that's known
In the universe and man
Can thank thee when his mind's outgrown
Smallness as a ban.

Depth of thought was as clear to thee
As the water's glassy face
Reflection of thy soul is to me
The greatest of the race.

Thy name O! Socrates has in its wake
Millions of men of mind
Thy name O! Socrates will ever make
Better all mankind.

December 29, 1894.

"JE VOUS AIME."

How sweet the words their tender meaning
As sunshine on the dark earth streaming
To all the world they are condoling
To every heart, Ah! how consoling
Je vous Aime! Je vous Aime!

Rank and pomp are laid aside
Drifting with the flowing tide
And the highest peak of fame
Without love is any empty name
Je vous Aime! Je vous Aime!

In those words we find our heaven
'Tis the sacred number seven
Without which nothing is complete
Deep in our heart's retreat.
Je vous Aime! Je vous Aime.

May 10, 1895.

APRIL.

Blossoms forth in April's chill
White violets pure and sweet
Small green leaves whose strong life fill
Our hearts with hope and greet
Our heavy minds of winter days
Tired, oppressed and sad
With tidings of eternal rays
All the earth seems glad.

TO FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

Born to the pillar, whip and chains
Born in the pen of slavery's pains
Bound and tied, mind and hand
At your time 'twas thus thro' out the land
Surround'd by mid scenes, which made your heart
Shrink and quiver with anguish smart
Cow'd and maimed thro' many years
With silent hopes and burning tears
The burdens of your race you felt.
In misery deep you faithfully knelt
By their side and thro' your light
Made for them a pathway bright.

You were the Christ of your dark race
How many will think of your noble face
Until their lives shall pass away
Into the land where all is day.
You understood your life work well
The good of it all the world can tell
Out from the pillar, whip and chains
They could only bind in material gains.
The soaring spirit could not be bound
Nor tied, or beaten or even ground.
Thy spirit broke thro' all the lines
Strong and bright as the sun that shines.

March 4, 1895.

“LIFE.”

Our lives are of no more account
Than wind-swept leaf from off the trees.
One million lives no more amount
Than breaker's foam on stormy seas.

And yet we count the little span
Limited with early joy
The end of all, while man
Is nothing but an aimless toy.

We only grasp, but never keep,
That which life holds out as best.
Life is a dream whose deepest sleep
Is our ever welcome guest.

And so the seas and winds and leaves
Sing their requiem o'er the dead.
Of ages past man only grieves
In his dumb unknowing tread.

May 19, 1895.

WHY IS THE SOUL OFTIMES SO SAD?

Why is the soul oftentimes so sad?
Yearning—defiant—almost mad
An undefined craving smites the heart
In which gladness has no part.

Silent, sad, deep meditation
Casts a shadow, whose relation
Like a cloud heavy and dark
Leaves a dense trail as a mark.

Our lives pass on like clouds indeed
Light and dark we surely need
To understand each passing hour
Not to flinch or falsely cower.

From the dark as with the light
Let it be an equal fight
Bravely face the darkest day
As the one which has the brightest ray.

March 10, 1895.

THE DRIZZLING, DRIPPING RAIN.

The drizzling, dripping rain
Beats againt my window pane
Gloom and sadness fill the air
Heavy hearts are every where.

Looking on a chilly street
From my casement window, meet
Every form of active life
No quiet ease, but awful strife.

Drizzling, dripping is the rain
Cooling now my tired brain
Brings a mellow, saddening rest—
Rainy days are sometimes best.

Slowly falls the drops of rain
Brings a quiet which is gain
An unseen hour of happiness
Bordering on eternal bliss.

Let the drizzling, dripping rain
Sing a soothing, sweet refrain
Let the drizzling, dripping rain
Calm the hearts of heavy pain.

April 6, 1895.

I LONG TO HEAR THE ORGAN PEAL.

I long to hear the organ peal
 As Christmas time draws near
I long to with the others kneel
 To the prayer that is so dear.

I long to dream with the music strain
 Of the Christ born on that day,
Of the trials deep and the heavy pain
 Passed thro' on his lonely way.

I long to hear the organ peal
 Out the strains so grand yet sad
From out the melody I will feel
 Patience love—yet glad.

I long to hear the organ peal
 Out to hearts who can
Understand the heavenly seal,
 “Peace on earth to man.”

December 25, 1894.

ALL ALONE.

All alone the sad soul wanders
Thro' this weary world of woe
On the thought the spirit ponders
Which the better way to go.

Better take the gilded roadway
Strewn with roses and with thorns,
Or to trod the narrow pathway
Soothe the sad soul as it mourns.

All alone the sad soul struggles
All alone the sad soul strays
All alone in all its troubles
All alone in all its ways.

All alone without one kind word
To cheer the soul, unknown—unknown
All alone it walks unheard
To the end—alone—alone.

June 25, 1894.

MAGDALENE.

Pleading eyes
Pathetic face
 Craving pity and love.
Forgive! O Lord;
Is the cry that goes
 Up to the Father above.

My life, Oh Lord!
Had many woes
 Had many strong temptations
But thy sweet face
Shines out to me
 In all my contemplations.

Forgiving mercy
Is the boom
 That all sinners crave
Then let us all
In Jesus name
 Forgive—if we would save.

June 1, 1894.

HE WHO SAYS THERE IS NO GOD.

He who says there is no God
Has yet to see the flowers bloom
He who says, there is no God
His life will pass in deepest gloom.

He who feels no God divine
Never feels the inner peace
For him the sun will never shine
For him the struggles never cease.

He who knows no spirit life
His senses are encumbered
With the element of strife
And his peaceful days are numbered.

He who says there is no God
With nature has no union.
He who says there is no God
Has not reached divine communion.

August 7, 1894.

INDEPENDENCE.

Independence should mean to man
Freedom of thought and act, and can
Man be free surround by strife
Poverty—misery—and wretched life
With chance to live and learn and soar
Snatched from out his heart's core
Taken from his very clasp
Which he vainly tries to grasp
Working up to which should be
His birthright to eternity.

Independence is but a dream
We know it only as a screen
Thro' which myriads of broken lives
Weakly follow and vainly strives
To reach and thinking to retain
Count not the loss, see but the gain
'Tis as far away to-day from man
As it was when first the world began.
As the "will o' the wisp" whose ghostly light
Leads on and on thro' greater fight.

ALONE.

Alone! alone! will it always last
Will it always be the unhappy past
Will never the sun shine bright for me
Shall I quiet happiness never see?

Will there never be any love for me?
Will painful memories ne'er be free?
Will misunderstanding's wily chance
Forever rule all circumstance?

Alone! alone! will it always be?
No end to the darkness can I see
Oh, God, that I might come to thee
Alone! alone! at last be free.

July 9th, 1894.

SUMMER'S LOVELY SEASON.

In the summer's lovely season
There is not the slightest reason
Why we should act with treason
Toward ourselves in any way.

We are always in a fluster
Not content unless we cluster
Not strength enough to muster
Courage which would make us gay.

Groan of heat enough to madden
Talk of heat enough to sadden
Talk of nothing that will gladden
Any body miles around.

Never take a spell of resting
But forever vain requesting
Never think of lightly jesting
Making misery company.

Why not face it with decision
Adding just the least percision
We would not then bring derision
On our weakly humbled heads.

July 9, 1894.

TIRED SPIRIT.

Tired spirit! fagged and worn
With life's heavy cares
The weary burden thou hast borne
Ends not e'en with thy prayers.

Forever striving against fate
With hope dulled in thy breast
Wishing before it is too late
That thou mayst find some rest.

Some rest whilst on this earth
Some sunshine here
Dark it has been since thy birth
No light was near.

Wishing in vain for peace and love
Wishing in vain request
Tired spirit alone—above
Thou canst only rest.

June 15, 1894.

THE CONCERT HALL SINGER.

In a concert hall on Saturday night,
Where right was wrong and all wrong right
A girl came out to sing her part
You might not have thought she had a heart.

By the tawdry trappings that she wore
You noticed the moment you entered the door
But her face was wan and thin and pale
Her form delicate, pinched and frail.

She sang her part in a heartless way
The men who listened had their say
As to her voice and spirit and song
They jested and laughed at her all night long.

She sang her song with an aching heart
And a voice that would make you start
And feel as if somewhere in your mind
She was near you in kin or kind.

Why was it she looked so sad
Because at home there lay half mad
He, who she had loved more than her life
Sighing for life with a fearful strife.

She was deaf to the jests and jeers of those
Who laughed and listened then half those
To throw a glance or two at her scanty dress
They threw on her heart only more distress.

O God! that a soul should come to this
Without a ray of happiness
The little she earned in that slavish night
Was buying bread with which to fight—

The wolf of hunger at the door
Of the sick on the bare floor
O why can not the eye of man
Descern the false and not condemn—

The unfortunate poor in their suffering wild
Sad and weak yet very mild.
God pity her! he alone can save
Man will help her to the grave.

By his vulgar appetite
Like a beast in his very might
Pity at least should sometimes fall
On the singing girl in a Concert Hall.

January 14, 1895.

TRIALS.

Passing thro' life's sterner moments
Pave the way for future calm
When the pathway's thickest torments
Bruise us, they are but the after balm.

When life sorrow's press the hardest
It is drawing out the gold
When heaven seems the very farthest
Wisdom's flowing in the mould.

Passing thro' life's many trials
Brings out the better part of all
Passing on without denials
Would not necessitate our call.

Into the land where there's no cloud
To mar the heart so tired of strife
No sorrows to make us cry aloud
Into the land where rest is life.

December 29, 1894.

REST OF SONG.

Happy and free
Are those we see
That can soar away in the realm of song.
Light as air
Away from care
Dropping the burden all day long.

Happy and gay
Indeed are they
Who forget the world in that realm of bliss.
Away in song
Resting among
Those who know sweet happiness.

Happy and light
Day and night
Away in the restful vale of song
Forgetting all sorrow
No thought of to-morrow
Alone, away from the hurrying throng.

December 27, 1894.

WHY DOES YOUR FACE HAUNT ME SO?

Why does your face haunt me so
With thousands of thoughts that come and go
 Thro' my brain ;
 Like a train
Of myriads of untold things?

Why does your face speak to me
Of a southern home which I seem to see
 Surround' by friends
 Whose kind love lends
A charm to my inmost mind?

Why does your face bring before my eyes
Pictures of people fine and wise
 Calm and content
 Sweetly intent
And a quieting southern clime?

What does your face bring to my mind?
A nature lofty, proud and kind
 Gracious and free
 Broad as the sea
Yet love beaming brightly thro.

Why does your face haunt me so
Because I seem to feel and know
 Your inner soul
 E'en to the goal
Of all your spirits' knowledge.

December 23, 1894.

"CRIED THE CROW."

There's a shadow on my soul

Cried the crow

Cried the crow

And I am black as coal

Cried the crow

Ah! what would I not give

If a white bird I could live

Cried the crow

Cried the crow

Cried the crow.

And I hate this beak of mine

Croaked the crow

Croaked the crow

It might have been more fine

Croaked the crow

And this ungainly walk

Tis' no better than a stalk

Croaked the crow

Croaked the crow

Croaked the crow.

And my feathers are a sight

Cried the crow

Cried the crow

I'm in an awful plight

Cried the crow

I will never have renown

For the world is upside down

Cried the crow

Cried the crow

Cried the crow.

July 14, 1895.

AN EMPTY NEST.

An empty little chippy's nest
Neglected on the ground
Wet and ragged at its best
Was the condition it was found.

Traces of work and love and care
Thoughts and careful plans
Built compact with hay and hair
Heeding well the storm's commands.

That little empty chippy's nest
Speaks volumes to us all
So it will be when we rest
When we receive our call.

All we leave behind us here
Will be like the chippy's nest
Traces only and a tear
And not that without request.

All our work and futile care
Empty and upon the ground
Only for the immortal rare
Will the empty nest be found.

July 1st, 1894.

SILENCE.

Silence is sacred

When we learn what silence means

When we know that silence screens

The soul of mortal.

Silence is sacred

In the deep solitude of night

Then is nature in its might

Of eternal sleepless work.

Silence is sacred

The soul's deep eloquence of love

Understands it from above

By divine communion.

Silence is sacred

By silence our life is worked out best

Bringing no nearer to mysteries rest

Eternity is silence.

June 20, 1894.

SCORN.

The finger of scorn is pointed at me
Whether on land or on sea
The whole world seems to have turned to gloom
The flower of my life that might have had bloom.

I am like an outcast, alone I stand
I feel within me I am on the strand
Between a gulf so black and deep
And a rift of light I would ask to keep.

The gulf so black and deep and sere
Is the world with its sin and no place clear
The rift of light which smiles at me
Is the heaven beyond which I seem to see.

So I pray that the dark will soon pass away
That I may see the shining day
Where scorn and its accompanying death deal-
ing sting
Will forever fail in my heart to ring.

January 20, 1895.

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.

Oh! the music of the spheres
Charm our heart soothe our fears
As we listen to the wind
Oft it whispers to our mind.
And around our hearts entwine
Untold harmony devine.

Oh! the music of the spheres
To our utmost soul endears
All that grows and blossoms sweet
To our intense nature's greet
All that's loving, mild and calm
Like unto eternal balm.

Oh! the music of the spheres
The spirit only hears
And its rapturous element
Silent in its deep intent
Godlike in the darkest day,
Godlike in its every ray.

March 6, 1895.

WHEN THE DEAD LEAVES FALL.

When the dead leaves fall
When the dead leaves fall
Bringing visions of nearing death's stern recall
Myriads of leaves, like myriads of lives
Whirling and turning, and rebelliously strives
Against the fate which sweeps them all
As the dead leaves fall
As the dead leaves fall.

As the dead leaves fall
As the dead leaves fall
A grant leaf sinks to its sepulchral hall
Like a great soul gone out into the night
Alone yet noble was the sudden plight
Lives and leaves die—great and small
As the dead leaves fall
As the dead leaves fall.

As the dead leaves fall
As the dead leaves fall
How soothing will be our summons or call
From whirling tempests cold and bleak
Storms of the world which we never seek
Into the rest land waiting for all
As the dead leaves fall
As the dead leaves fall.

October 12, 1895.

AT LAST.

At last, dear hearts after all these years
After vain regrets and bitter tears,
After broken hearts and wounds whose sears
We thought would always last.

At last, dear heart me meet again,
No traces of the past remain
Of the lonely years and the sad refrain
Which our love had cast on our lives.

At last, dear heart the sun doth shine
At last, no cause that we repine,
Our love still blooms as a thing divine.
At last, dear heart, at last.

At last, dear heart we have met to love
Broken we've been like the lonely dove.
I love you dear, as he above,
At last, dear heart—at last.

July 30, 1894.

RIGHTS OF MAN.

By Right of Nature, man should have a life
Which Nature never intended should be strife
A life where intellectual thought should be
First as the growth of a young tree.

All branches which are knowledge, should be
cared
And carefully guarded and not roughly bared
The struggles with which man's life is surround'
Is the element which drags man to the ground.

The mind of man can never scale the heights
Of knowledge, which by nature are his rights
Until oppression has been laid aside
Only then can Peace indeed abide.

'Twas never meant that man should starve the
mind
In order that the few might better grind
The intelligence that should be man's alone
To battle with, and he would never moan.

The "Rights of man" should be that he should
live
In Nature's Peace that he might faithfully give
Full scope to his intelligence to play
The "Rights of Man" mean having "Peaceful
Day."

December 1, 1894.

INDEPENDENCE.

(Continued from page 146.)

Man cannot perfect man made laws
Nor perfect the lines in justice cause
Until the element of strife
Is wiped forever from out his life
The struggles sink on man like a cloud
From which his soul cries out aloud
In rebellion strong and stern
The bitter lesson he yet must learn
That true independence has not been taught
Its meaning is to him as naught.

Independence means to us nothing as yet
The truth of the word we can only get
By looking into the future's glass
Perchance when hundreds of years shall pass
The mind of man shall climb to the heights
Of unlimited intelligence which are his rights.
The laws will not bind him body or soul
'Twill be for him to reach the goal
Of knowledge—and then alone
The truth of independence will be known.

March 4, 1895.

AUTUMN.

The first touch of Autumn is falling on the hills
All along the forests and very near the rills.
The first blue haze of Indian summer time
Touches all the woodland in almost perfect
rhyme.

The first tinge of yellow is falling on the trees
The balmy air of Autumn you can feel in every
breeze
The dry sweet air that hovers o'er the dale
Autumn's warning note over hill and vale.

'Tis sad to part with summer's ripe sweets
And yet how lovingly the Autumn winds it greets
We could learn a lesson as the summer disappears
To greet our coming Autumn with smiles instead
of tears.

To greet our own life's Autumn as the summer
greeted the fall—
With quietude and broad expanse of untold love
toward all
Greet it as the summer skies greet the purple
hue
Greet it as the summer's eve greets the Tyrean
blue.

August 7, 1894.

ALONE.

Alone! alone, the sad soul sighing
Faith in human hearts is dying
For love the soul is ever crying
Alone! alone; the sad soul sighing.

Alone! alone; the sad soul weeping
Nearer the end we know is creeping
Love and happiness ever sleeping
Alone! alone! the sad soul weeping.

Alone! alone! the sad soul dying
Altho' surround' by friends untiring
No love in all its life transpiring
Alone! alone! the sad soul dying.

June 26, 1894.

DEAR OLD HOME.

Nowhere in this world is the sky so near
Nowhere in this world are the stars so clear
Nowhere in this world is life so dear
As my dear old country home upon the hill.

Nowhere in this world is loves echo so sweet
Nowhere in this world do I love's echo greet
Nowhere in this world do I Nature's grandeur
meet

As my dear old country home upon the hill.

January 25, 1895.

DEAD LEAVES.

One by one the dead leaves dropping, dropping
sadly on the ground,

One by one our lives are numbered, numbered
that we may be found

After our pilgrimage of life, as the leaf has its
time

So our future lives will be found in perfect
rhyme.

One by one the dead leaves dropping, dropping
from their noble height,

One by one man's life is ended, ended as a
shadowy myth.

Man and leaf there's not much difference in the
element of life

Man and leaf when all is o'er returns forever
away from strife.

September 10, 1894.

THE CHURCH BELLS IN THE VALLEY.

The bells in the valley church are ringing, ringing
The birds in the valley are singing, singing,
Nature in the valley is bringing, bringing
Love unto the weary hearts of man.

The stream by the valley church is flowing,
 flowing,
The wild flowers in the valley are growing,
 growing,
The quiet haunts of nature knowing, knowing,
More peace than greatest wealth untold can give.

The people in the valley are living, living,
Quietly away from strife and giving, giving,
Charity of thought to all and bidding, bidding
Love and peace to all their fellow men.

The church bells in the valley are pealing, pealing
The worshippers in the valley church are kneel-
 ing, kneeling,
With the people in the valley, God is dealing,
 dealing,
Love and peace and quiet unto all.

June 23, 1894.

TIRED SOUL.

The soul grows so tired of this strife all along
Would it not be better if we were among
Those who are free from life and care
Without the need of toil or care,
Unchained from what we term as earth,
Perhaps 'twere better had we no birth.

The soul grows so tired of this world's weary
ways
Would it not be as well if the end of our days
Had arrived and we as the bird on the wing
Would forever soar and forever sing,
Unfettered from all that chains us here
Soaring aloft where all must be clear.

The soul grows so tired of its bondage so sad
At times it seems it almost makes us mad
Hounded on by cares that are so galling
Hounded on by sorrows so appalling.
The bright side of life soon looses all its charm
And all that is left is all that is harm.

The soul grows so tired of all of life's pleasure
Nothing it yields is to us any treasure
Quiet meditation is all that is balm
Back into nature is where we find calm
All fame or fortune's path is disappointments day
Only after life is o'er comes the bright ray.

January 19, 1895.



MY SOUL THOU ART (Song).



My soul thou art, of me my love a part.
I love thee dear with all my heart
My love for thee is divine
All earthly things I would resign.

CHORUS.

My soul thou art! I love thee dear
I feel thy sweet presence near
I feel thee love, so near my heart
My soul thou art! my soul thou art.
My soul thou art, I love but thee
I know your face I'll sometime see
My love for thee will never die
My soul thou art, that is my cry.

September 2, 1894.

NOTHING BETWEEN US NOW
DEAR BUT REGRET.

Nothing between us now, dear but regret,
All the anger past since last we met,
Nothing but fond love remains at last
Harsh thoughts of hot youth are of the past.
One kind thought from thee is life to me
Tho' your face I never more may see.

Nothing between us now dear heart, but regret
Wishing the fates had willed, that we had met
And loved and joined our hearts when young
That we might have pass'd our life among
Scenes that love alone beget—
Nothing between us now dear heart, but regret.

May 7, 1894.

Silently grieving Oh! how the hearts ache
Silently grieving Oh! how the hearts break.
Dumb and mournful with mute resignation
From earthly sorrow there's no emancipation.

WHY! WHEN THE MOON'S RAYS SHINE.

Why! when the moon shines on our faces
Are we lifted away from the world, with scarce
traces
Of thought on this immediate plain.
Dreamy and happy wishing again
To be transported to the realms around
The cloud land of ether which seem to bound
Our vision, but sometime we seem to see
Away into almost eternity.

Why, when the moon shines in our eyes
We almost feel inwardly wise
Surmounting all difficult logic and science
Happily contemplating with self reliance,
On the world beyond the moonlit trail
As if we could pierce beyond the veil
With its imperial starlit skies
When the moon's rays shine in our eyes.

December 29, 1894.

THE WOUNDED HEART.

I have carried a wounded heart these many years
Covered with hardened marks whose very sears
Have burned into my life
Deep misery and strife
But the touch of Love has made it new again.

I have carried a wounded heart whose breaking
strings
Seemed the echo of deep sadness in all things
Human power could not reach
Nor deep experience teach
Yet the touch of Love has made it new again.

September 10, 1894.

The sky hangs low in mists of gray
The tall trees bend and nod and sway
To and fro the branches swaying
The elements with the earth is playing
Sweeps the rain in blinding sheets
The rainy day my sad heart greets.

THE FALSENESS OF FORM.

The falseness of form in civilization,
Is so far from nature's quiet mediation
The mind is upset by so much elation
We cannot do the work that we should do.

We should not be pitched to such a steep grad-
ation
Our lives should be passed in a quiet station,
But for heavy strife, we are a noted nation
And we're bound to worship at the shrine of
form.

Although we understand its all exaction
For our lives we cannot make the least retraction
We are not content without a strong attraction
We are still the temple worshippers of Form.

If we would but follow Nature's sweet relation
With our lives in its minutest explanation
We would find success with the greater exalta-
tion
And be happy in our freedom, without Form.

June 15, 1894.

A WILD ROSE ON A "LA FRANCE."

A wild rose grew on a "La France" bush
In spite of all arts beguiling
It would not comply with the world's wild rush
Towards cultivation's snare so smiling.

It would take you back to primitive thought
Although you would resist untiring
No matter how the knowledge was bought
You could not resist aspiring.

The thought remains that the cultivator's art
Must always remain very trying
That Nature and the cultivator would very easily
part
Long before the rose thought of dying.

July 5, 1894.

THE BROKEN DOWN RACE.

There is a race of people upon this earth
Which we never hear of with any mirth

The broken down race

The broken down race

'Tis comprised of people of every degree
High and low, and sad to see.

The broken down race

The broken down race.

Men and women who were rich and great
Men and women whose names elate

The broken down race

The broken down race

Broken in love, and broken in art
Broken ambition entire and in part.

The broken down race

The broken down race

Broken in body, broken in mind
No peace on earth for them to find

The broken down race

The broken down race

May Heaven's gates swing wide apart
And pour sweet balm on their quivering heart

The broken down race

The broken down race.

October 12, 1895.

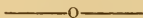
LEARN TO BE PEACEFUL.

Learn to be peaceful, calm and serene
Learn to be true and brave.
The wildest storms of life redeem
Their sorrows, even the grave.

Learn to be peaceful, whatever befalls
Thy lot along life's highway
Peace is the power which ever recalls
The angle of light we call day.

Learn to be peaceful, learn to be calm
Learn to be true and brave.
'Tis the only thing on earth which is balm.
'Twill lead us beyond the grave.

October 17, 1895.



What in thoughtless youth we scorn
We yearn for in our dotage
When we are most forlorn
Of love and hope and courage

The springtime ever full of cheer
Brightest dreams and strength
Carelessly we cast all fear
To its utmost length.

Thus our lives pass to the shades
Knowing not our mission here
Like the sunset as it fades
Behind the clouds where all is clear.

WHEN LOVE WAS MINE.

I was rich when love was mine
Now Ah! poor, for love has fled
I cannot cheerfully resign
To live when love is dead.

The earth and sky—when love was mine
Was tints of azure hue
For those soft colors, now I pine
So blending warm they grew.

All life was joy—when love was mine
Now joy for me is dead.
To the dreary night, I now consign
My life—for love has fled.

October 17, 1895.

O

IN YOUTH.

The drear, drear days pass slowly by
I watch, and wait, and vainly sigh,
For thy look, thy step—thy clasp.
Through the shadows, I cannot clasp,
The meaning of this empty heart.
Why willed the fates that we should part?
Last thought at night, and first at morn
From its misery deep is shorn
To think of thee and fondly kiss,
Ere in the dream of imagery were bliss.

Wert thou some soul from planet far
 Which touched my soul with delicious jar?
 And lifted me in transport keen
 To joys of love unheard—unseen.
 Oh! mighty power and awful sway
 Of Love! perchance 'twere but a day
 Better to have lived that day! alas
 And die the next, than love should pass
 Thee by unheeded, its mysteries save
 Its strength of knowledge for thee beyond the
 grave.

December 20, 1895.

—o—

WHERE DO I WISH TO GO WHEN I SHALL DIE.

Where do I wish to go when I shall die
 Where e'er the hand that sent me here shall
 will
 Not even now shall ask the reason why—
 Nor when this throbbing, pulsing heart is still
 If it be on some glorious planet far—
 Where higher minds—than here shall lead
 the way
 If it be midst the angels where no jar
 Ere breaks the heaven of most perfect day—
 And yet—if in some distant clime
 Upon this earth in most subjected form
 I feel within my soul—some stirring rhyme
 Shall make upon my heart an impress warm
 And if in humblest work I may unmask
 The meaning of this life—and understand
 This! Oh this—is all I ask
 That I may know the great command.

Where do I wish to go when I shall die?
Where e'er the hand that sent me here shall
will
Nor would I ask to read the future sky
Not even now—my aching heart to fill
If it be in the heights where angels dwell
With peaceful song of joy and praise and love
If it be by the throne—ah—that is well
One more soul added to the choir above
But hark—if it be here again
Upon this lowly plain of toil and care
If through the misery and the pain
I see thy hand—I'll not despair
For I will know—thy silent voice
Though shadowed dark or bright the day
This then is my only choice
That thou wilt guide my present way.

December 4.

—o—

THE SACRED CAVE.

—

'Twas said—in ancient Greece—a sacred cave
Whose portals guarded by the Aegean wave
And all who entered its mysterious hall
Were rendered melancholy—past recall.
And those of years—wishing to wisdom seek
Returned again—were never heard to speak.
And those who entered in their youth and bloom
The remainder of their days were spent in gloom
The nation kept aloof from the dread place
Whose history was well known to the Greek race
The cave was known by Damala to be—
Where the hills of Tyrus slope the sea.

Well versed—this Greek—in ancient lore—
His keen dark eyes now scan the widening shore
Before his view the calm sea lay
Like a topaz field on a sunny day.
Forward he pres'd to the towering hill
Led along by his stern brave will—
To wrest and combat if needs be
The secrets the cavern held with glee
From the beloved race of the gods
Bowed they under their many rods.
The fear of this cave was a hideous kind
And the Greek Damala set out to find
The wraith which made the cave by the sea
A haunting terror—which he would free.
Proud of his race was the stalwart Greek—
Sturdy of limb—and face not meek
But strong of line—and brave and bold
Had been a slave—and as such was sold
But slumb'ring 'neath the tyrant chain
Whose cruel rule—now in the wane
Had seered his soul with misery deep
Was freedom's blood—which does not sleep.
Determined not to win renown—
For nature's smile and nature's frown
To him were one, it moved him not
If he be remembered—or be forgot
Determined he—the cave must yield—
Be his the conquering arm to shield
The name of coward from his clan
The Grecian hero proves the man.
None e'er had dared to probe the cave
To tell the world its secret—save
The few who ever dumb remained
The Greek will tell what it contained.
On he journeyed toward the steep
Behind him Athens wrapt in sleep—

Around the hill to the waters edge
The cavern's gap—is the bold Greek's pledge
One moment paused beside the sea
His polished shield rests on his knee
His spear grasped by the mighty arm
His ear tuned to each new alarm
His dark hair flowing in the wind
The gentle sea breeze was most kind
On his face poured a flood of light
As the moon lit up the dark'ned night
From behind dense clouds piled high
In broken masses 'gainst the eastern sky.
One moment thus the Greek slave stood
In manhood's pride of youth and good
Many before him—with rank and name
Had searched the cave in quest of fame
But they—alas—had ne'er the power
To tell the tale of this present hour.
One long last look Damala cast
Upon loved Athens—'twas the last—
Into the dark abyss—to seek
What e'er it held—plunged the fearless Greek.

The passage way was dark and drear
Tho' slave by force—no cringing fear
Chilled the heart of Damala—
A star apparent lights the way
Of hope, his feet now tread
O'er mounds and mounds of buried dead
The echoes sound his mute footfall
Throughout the winding cavern hall
Like muffled waves whose heaving roar
Breaks restless 'gainst the defiant shore.
A hall abruptly breaks in view
List, cries the Greek—can this be true
Inhabited by such as these—

Such beauty 'neath the Aegean seas—
Methought the gnomes and furies wild
Would meet my eye but these are mild
Fair children sported midst the green
Of hanging vines from whence unseen
Their blossoming tendrils slowly twined
And bloomed for childish hands to find
And clouds of azure make the sky
Tints of pink and white piled high
Distil a dew of aroma sweet
Which upturned childish faces greet.
Beneath their feet the soft moss grows
In shading color and billowy rows
Fragrant buds and waving ferns
This is their home the Grecian learns.
They gamble, happy, laugh and play
They spy the Greek and flee away
With look of fear upon their face
And fade they now away in space.
The astonished youth reclined awhile
For he had journeyed many a mile
And o'er his burning tired eyes
Stole restful slumbers calm surprise.

One elfin bolder than the rest
Tripped lightly from their hidden quest
And peered into the sleepers face
What we call sleep—found not a trace.
The child said come, I'll lead the way
The Greek obeyed—yet strange to say
He felt himself obliged to yield
Some strong obedience seemed to wield
About his sense a magic power
Grew stronger at each passing hour
Where now his spear and warlike mein
Beside his body plainly seen.

By troops of fairies in sportive play
Garlands of flowers they twine and sway.
About the sleeping Grecian's form
To keep the sleeping Grecian warm.

Away through the darkest pass in the cave
Where thunders above the Aegean wave
The Greek and the child are passing along
Following with care a quavering song.
A grotto—ah, wondrous—appears now in view
Massive, magnificent, of every known hue
Pillars of marble support the blue dome
On through the isles the Greek and child roam,
Stalactites formed of sapphire blue
And tinted opals peeping through
Ropes of gold and silver twined
Heavy turquoise columns bind.
Diamonds, topaz, rubies red
Make the walls there pearl-like bed
Crusted knots of emeralds rare
Hold green lights beyond compare
And from an arch way a mellow glow
Like pale amber upon white snow
Throws a light which softly shines
Upon the gems the cave confines.
Where comes the song the Grecian cried
In yonder cave the child replied.
And gliding from the shadow slowly
As like a knight the Greek bent lowly
A maiden, radiant as the light
Robed in web-like flowing white
A pearly shell held her golden hair
Back from a face of beauty rare
Eyes of deepest heavenly blue
Melt they now in darkest hue
She wakens like one from a trance

And meets the bold Damala's glance.
And shrinks she now and turns aside
As if would fly toward the rumbling tide
Haste not away—I beg thee stay—
And I—not thou—shall go away
Resume thy song—be not afraid
This is thy home—the Grecian said.
Whence comest thou—from you dark wave—
What brings thee to this hidden cave
With faltering step and timid eyes
The maiden waited his replies.
I come from Athens—spake the Greek
Land of the gods—whose history's speak
Round the very name of ancient Greece
A glowing charm will never cease.
Where facination is in her art
And glory is her warrior's part
The very air will weave a spell
Still and weird and strange to tell
The cities ruins ever hold
Attraction for the traveler bold.
Knowest thou Olympus—snow clad mount
The gods live at its eternal fount
Or vale of Tempe—delightful spot
The maiden said—I know them not.
I'll tell thee of my country more
'Tis guarded by the Aegean shore
In Arcadia's pastoral life
There lives the Greek away from strife.
And high on towering Mount Cyllene
Was Mercury born and oftimes seen
The tortoise shell he made to sing
Whose powerful wand with quick'ned wing
Conflicting elements reconciles
Such is strong Caduces wiles
And the sacred grove of calm Delphi

Hides with its shade the bright blue sky
The smiling Penens flows along
Through winding paths like a summer song
And through Olympias vast broad plains
Are treasured temples, costly fanes
Across the sea is Cyprus isle
Where Venus woke with love's first smile
Thou art like she, radiant and fair
And like her thou hast golden hair.
Could I find to her the way
The maiden questioned Damala
Thou couldst not—twas in ages past
The waves upon that island cast
Fair Venus—beauteous as the day
We sing to her the lovers lay.
I'll tell thee now of Medea dark
Old men made young by her magic mark
Lived she in far away Colchis
And many died from the poison'd kiss
Of her sorcery and skill
Aided by her cunning will,
And of Apollo—bold and brave
Born by yonder Delos wave
And told that he was god of Love
And the bright light shimmers from above
Thou art like him the maiden cried
I am a slave the Greek replied
With trembling lip and lower'd voice
Slave by force but not by choice
Tell me then—what is a slave?
One subject to another—said the brave
Damala, and wert thou so
Demean'd? I did not know
But thou wert some great king
So proud the tones in thy voice ring
And thy bearing is so bold

Like the mighty gods of old.
Thy world must be a beauteous place
Art all like thee of thy proud race—
Damala bent and grasped her hand
There art none like thee in my native land
Flushed his brow and softened eye
In his heart a bursting sigh
Through his veins the blood like fire
Leap'd to the thought of his wild desire
Was she mortal—this vision bright
Or made of rays like the bright moonlight
Her hand grew warm within the clasp
Of the Grecian's tender grasp.
And who art thou and why live here?
I know it is not dark and drear
But gold and pearls, these gems above
Are nought to the sweet delights of love.
Thou art my other self I know
Said Damala now bending low
And kissed the tress of her golden hair
Which floated on her forehead fair.
The long lids fell o'er the dark blue eyes
She trembled from Damala's sighs
Ah! Andea—call me—my home is this
And sank in the embrace of Love's first kiss.
Thou wilt come with me away from here
I will take thee over the waters clear
In my felucca sailing swift
Over the blue Ionium rift
And there upon an isle shall dwell
And thou like aphrodite shall tell
The story of this golden age
Thy beauty e'en the gods would wage
Lead thou the way, I'll follow thee
Out on the land or over the sea
Methought to never leave this cave

Nor pass the portals of yonder wave
My gold and pearls, gems and shells
And amber lights in these hidden dells
Fill'd my heart with contentment deep
Like a sweet and happy sleep.
But when thou came and I heard thee speak
I knew thou art the one I seek
In dreamy nights I saw thy face
Close to mine own with winning grace
The maiden now this tale confes't
As the Grecian clasp'd her to his breast.
Come now away in love tones mild
But in his pathway stood the child
Who said—I'll lead another way—
Ah no—the maiden—she must stay
A wailing moan Andea gave
Then here—alas—shall be my grave
Damala gasped—can this be true
Methinks I will not follow you
But with Andea here remain
And live to the end in a sweet refrain
But ah! all Athens must hear this tale
I'll come back for thee—thou'lt not bewail
Thou canst not come back—the elfin spake
Not come back e'en for loves sweet sake
Shalt thou go on and I stay here?
O, woe to me—this cave is drear
I've waited for thee years and years
And finding thee shed my first tears
O, woe to me—when joy is found
'Tis lost like the echo of a sound
I cannot live if thou must go
Moaned Andea, soft and low
My love—my love—is the Greek's hoarse cry
As he saw the radiant maiden die.
Mute and still in her white array
Cold as the marble on which she lay.

Damala staggered toward the child
Lead thou me on in accent wild
Oh destiny—thy harsh decree
Is an inner glimpse of eternity.
On and on the elfin weak
Is blindly followed by the Greek—
They enter now a darken'd cell
'Tis like where Pluto—King of Hell—
Doth live and thrive and breed dismay
Cried the wretched Damala.
Bleak and grey and grim the walls
Like chis'led blocks in prisoned halls
No ray of light nor twig or vine
Is visible in the dark incline.
A fetid stench of heavy air
Rushed with a blast upon the pair
Who could live here the Grecian cried
I—a croaking voice replied.
From the farthest corner in the cell
Shambled a being, whose grey locks fell
In matted plaits about his head
And looked like one who had long been dead.
Except the eyes, one long fierce look
He gave the Greek—his hand now shook
And slowly grasped his withered staff
And uttered forth a fiendish laugh
And turned from Damala away
List, the Grecian cried—I pray
The secrets of this cavern low
All the world of Greece must know
Knowest thou Athens? its balmy clime
'Twas once my home—before thy time.
Well know I Sparta, queen of the sea
My native home was fair Thessaly.
And Marathon I ne'er forget
Where the Greek and Persian met.

Nor mount Sipylus where the stone
Niobe will ever weep and moan.
Well know I all the land and sea,
Of Grecian fame in history.
Ah! joy was mine in that golden age
Which now is but a written page.
In pitying tones—what brought thee here
Damala asked—'tis bleak and drear
Aye—drear indeed—time alone
Brought me thus—I make no moan
Lethe's blessed stream is past
On night black styx—my bark is fast
Eumenides* my comrades are
There howling echoes near and far.
Come back to Athens midst thy kin
Some joys of life thou'lt surely win
Thou still lovest man the Grecian said
The old man shook his whiten'd head
Ah, no! Humanity thou wolf of cringing mein
Snapping—snarling—foaming—plainly seen
Tearing all within thy claw
And voracious ugly paw
Vomiting forth thy wrath and hate
A slimy track is thy past fate.
The best man's curse is left behind
In the mean thoughts of his mind
Not expres't perhaps in action
Which we know is the least faction—
Oh, man—thou knowest least of all
Why thy birth—thy life—thy fall
Thou art in thy low travail
The embryo shrouded with the veil
Covered with pestilential slime
In every day of thy earthly clime.
E'en love of man is most part hate

* Eumenides—Furies.

And friendship is a visioned weight
The tie which binds man to the earth
Is forced upon him from his birth
Slave in body—slave in mind—
Aye and the soul has its bitter grind
Life has yielded nought to me
But desolate hope and misery.
What say I then—to live is well
Alas to that—ah—none can tell.

His parched face toward the wall he turned
His eyes alone now gleamed and burned.
Depart from here—he seemed to speak
The words had reached the list'ning Greek
Who slowly turned to find his way
Back to the heavenly light of day.
With drooping eye and dejected mein
This was the last he was to glean
Back led the child to the bower of flowers
In the sacred cave—after many hours.
Through the winding dark'ned halls
And low ceiling cavern'd walls.
The fairy bower was reached at last
What spell upon the Grecian cast
Its mantle black as darkest night
The flowers were there and so the light
But all was gloom—the fragrance sweet
Where the buds and green vines meet
Which made the dancing fairies glad
Made the Grecian hero sad,
And close his eyes that he might forget
The scenes his tired vision met.
Depart from here—the child now spoke
And hearing this—the Greek awoke.
Thou hast lingered here so very long
We thought thee dead—and with our song

Endeavor'd well to waken thee
Go thou to Athens by the sea
And take this tablet with thee—so
Upon thy breast—and they will know
That thou hast learned the secret well
The sacred cavern had to tell.

Damala crept back from the cave
Out to the Aegean's dark blue wave
Horror—horror—he is old and bent
Gasping and withered—his strength is spent
He gropes his way to mount the hill
I love thee Athens—love thee still
Could I but rest on thee my eye
Gladly would I yield and die
One more vain effort—one panting breath
Andea—Athens—'tis death—'tis death—
One choking utter hopeless cry
Alas—that Damala should die.
They found him by the Tyrus hill
Lying there so cold and still
With this tablet on his breast
And Athens laid the Greek to rest.

January 3, 1897.

TO ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

Born in an attic: in Paris gay
The child first saw the light of day.
Began his life 'midst poverty's cries
Who in all this world so wise—
But would predict a groveling fate
For the babe born almost of hate.
And I maintain that between the two
Love and hate: there is but few
Degrees of difference or space
'Twas always thus thro'ut the race.
Some bred in love are born in hate
The wheel of time will compensate
The divergence which love brings
Thro' the universe this law rings.
We cannot stray far from the path
Of evenness: without the wrath
Of extremes: upon our soul
Falling—and on the whole
The one who steers his bark so clear
Of hinderance in love, is near
The highest peace of mind attained
Altho' true love is ever famed
It is the crushing force of all
And leaves the mind without recall
Trampled—prisoned—cramped and bound
With visible chains to a clod of ground
The misery's of its sway attest
Its power! and no known rest
The struggling soul has ever known
Who has closely to its pinions grown.

The pallid mother lying on the cot
A silly girl had been, who had forgot
The little knowledge which she'd been endowed
Before the shrine of love she humbly bowed
And at its altar sacrificed her all
And thus—ah! thus, had come about her fall.
But now—a woman grown and on her child
A look of deathless love now calm—now wild
The child-birth pains which she endured
A new creation in her breast enured.
I'll live for him, my infant boy she sobbed
Altho' the world her reputation robbed.
And worked for him and on her pittance meagre
For him slaved and toiled and very eager
Spent the mite she earned so hard
O'er him a most constant guard
Kept she: lest he should stray
Away from the garret every day.
The child she loved with a mother's heart
Scarce e'en an hour would she e'er part.
From the little life so calm
Which now to her was heaven's own balm.
The father cruelly deserted
Nought to him they now concerted.
An army's general staunch and brave
The girl in the attic he might save
From the bitter wrath and scorn
Of the world whose sharpened thorn
Her young heart had penetrated.
This the way they were related.
Descended he of alien blood
Of Africa's dark streaming flood
Hot passion, cruelty and neglect
Were attributes we must reflect.
Of his nature, other traits
Of greatness: ah! the fates

Play sometimes with poor human minds
For genius adds its vast refines.
To lewdness, viciousness and crime
Almost as a blending chime.
Some natures are made up of both
And to each other very loth,
Strong poles of right and wrong
These are the souls which all along
The varying ranks of time
Speak forth in every clime.
The father of these elements were made,
He knew life in every turn and grade.
A negro mother, sire of Spanish line
Inherited deep faith and love sublime.
As passed the years, the father's heart grew mild
Toward his son the lowly poor born child
But was it not that the precocious lad
Had touched a hidden strain half-glad
Buried in the ineterent father's heart
As in the world of letters he took part
True humanity he began to learn
And to most humble folk began to turn
And learn of them the lesson of the hour
In there misery dumb but silent power.
O'er their lives forever sway
Nature's gifts—her finest clay.

Meantime the lad his bitter school
Were taunts and jeers whose unkind rule
Stamped deep sorrow in his breast
He learned to love deep solitude best
When but a child and very young
He came to pass his hours among
People different from the herd
Of common minds: ah! the bird
Who soars the highest peak
Is the winged love which we seek

The child grew on unnamed
The father now had been far famed
A genius now and very wise
Shone from out his dark lit eyes.
Upon the lad felt some compassion
Perhaps it was the present fashion
No honor can to him be given
Who has in deep dishonor striven
To right the wrongs of early life
As if that little puny strife
'Twixt miscalled conscience which is but fear
Could ever make a wrong done—clear
One act done wrong—is forever wrong
'Tis ne'er made right—and all along
The true unerring lines of time
'Tis time alone which buries all
In its calm relentless call
If thus we think to compensate
Mistaken are we all obligate
Unto all which we have done
Like the planets round the sun
Return again where they began
'Tis the universal plan.
And thus the follies of our youth
Haunt us and it is a truth
The mind of man has ne'er been free
On the land or on the sea.
From contact with things of the past
There reflection will always last.
They are part of our own life
In deepest peace or harshest strife.
Mind in youth beware—beware
The joys of life a hidden snare
Which thy heart will goad and scourge
As the bitter memory's surge,
Thro' thy mind in coming years

In hours of calm and hours of tears
Let thy life be truly spent
In deep hope and encouragement
Know the hours which quickly fly
Away on wings, like the bird on high
Will pass forever—forever away
The acts of youth alone the play
Which will face thee in after years
Altho' we may have no such fears.
This child grew up and faced the scorn
Of the life which he had born
With suffering heart, yet calm and mild
Was this poor born, love made child.
He wrote a tale of love and lust
Love and vice which is but dust
By the law of love alone redeemed
As o'er the dark, its bright ray beamed
The story brought him friends and fame
Honor, wealth and love now came
Floating on the past dark tide.
Ah! the changes which abide
Hidden in deep nature's fold
Whose secrets carelessly we hold.
In waning years he is sur'ound
By all the luxurious to be found
That art and wealth and time could bring
Yet through his heart a mellow ring
Of sadness lives and in the end
His life flows on in peaceful trend.
Thus stain of birth, nor blighting scorn
Or wretched poverty and dark'ned morn
Deters the genius: the shadows weave
A glorious sunset for his brilliant eve.

December 10, 1895.

HELOS AND LILLIAN.

Lovers they: in youth's spring time,
When much in life seems perfect rhyme
To those who do not understand
There's no perfection in any land.
The lover's hair was midnight black
His face whose very colors lack
Spoke in Grecian statuesque lines
And lithesome limbs his form defines,
Supple, graceful, firm and tall
The gods on him might fain recall
So physically perfect is this youth
And his description is with truth
Like the lightnings flash his eye
The light of which can never die.
Proud in the rush of youth's first flow.
Noble of mind, his friends well know—
Helos—his name, and humbly born,
His spirit never felt forlorn.
For mirth and cheer was his birthright,
Keen in talent and clear insight.
The pitiless world not afraid to face
Empty handed—for wealth's bright race
To him was but a joyous dream
The roseate light of love's bright gleam
Illuminates his every thought.
Ah! the great change love has wrought,
Has made this humble lad a king
In happiness: the very ring

In his manly pleasing voice
Would make a stoic for once rejoice.
The maiden beside him of beauty so rare
Is Lillian—fair Lillian, with bright golden hair.
Her face cast in oval and small pointed chin,
Her eyes, the dear angels had let the sky in
And turned them to violet as the dark shadows
grew,
Dark lashes and brows were the beauty which few
Could pass without notice—and many a sigh
Was heard from the hearts as fair Lillian passed by
And love made a halo around her small head,
Her sweet winning smile was a lustre which shed
Comfort and peace upon all whom it fell
And thus runs the story reluctant I tell.

In a garden of blossoms this night they had met,
The sun in the west with glory had set,
The young moon o'erhead shone with radiance
divine

Upon the magnolia whose blossoms and vine
Wreathed 'round the small arbor to which they
repaired

A scene from fair Eden this picture had dared.
"I will tell her to-night of my love," quoth Helos
As they sank to a seat on a mound of dark moss.
"I love him—my Helos," sighed Lillian so fair.
The moon thro' the lattice made silver her hair.
Clasped in the arms of her lover in bliss
Sealed they their love with a pure love's kiss.
As wedded these souls by the deep power of love
Their spirits took flight to the regions above
And left the weak mortals to combat on earth,
To helplessly struggle as e'en at their birth
Two bright robed souls from earth took flight
Out on the billows of ether and night,
On and on in unlimited space they fly
To a brilliant world they now draw nigh.

Making the journey in extatic rhyme,
Blending in love thought this new found clime
As hand clasps hand—cries Helos to his love
Here are the joys for those who live above.
What an eternal and blessed fate
Had found the angel and her mate.
Upon this wondrous world they pause
Scarcely knowing just the cause
Which had brought their twin souls here
Love alone has its motive clear
A heaven is this the angel cried
Whose brilliant light shines far and wide
Giving the spirits here full scope
To work out their wondrous mission of hope
I see no darkness any where,
'Tis joy to feel this light so rare,
These beauteous forms which here we find
Seem much alike and of one mind.
So much of quiet and harmony
Like one grand chord or symphony
Paused the angel in deepest wonderment
Beholding now the vision with very deep intent
Of a world peopled alone with intellect
On whose perfection she pauses to reflect
Living with harmony's law perfected
All joys and discords forever rejected
By the right of love and peace
The soul alone will find release.
Strains of music from choirs divine
Float on the air and thus refine
The space between the worlds around,
Bringing soothing mellow sound.
Millions of worlds in ether abide
Returning like the truest tide,
In there course heaven directed
By the one great law protected.
The law of harmony and truth

Will solve all things and is the proof.
Like the highest mountain peak
We alone for knowledge seek
Above this planetary sphere.
We grasp with ease the wisdom here
But the things which we most need
Is knowing when the soul is freed.
From these galling binding chains
With their bitter sweet refrains
Knowledge of the after path
Few are here who ever hath
Divined the mystery of the change
Called death: 'tis not within the range
Of most humanity in thought or mind
Superstition is the only happiness such find
Thus passed the years as but a day
To the angel and Helos—and they
Forward looked to now explore
Other worlds with their hidden lore
Of love and wisdom, truth and power
It was indeed a blessed dower
To be allowed to thus project
There angel souls and then reflect
Upon the knowledge which they gained
For this the written story's famed,
And passing onward in their flight
They behold a strange, strange sight.
And leaving now the angels rare
Upon the earth we will repair.

They knew not what the seeming change
Had fallen on them: something strange
Had come upon them: that they knew
And colder to each other grew.
As time rolled on, the marriage bans
Were published through the village fans

Flames of fire in gossips speech
Shriller than the night owl's screech
The simple folk eagerly spy,
The bride and groom with downcast eye,
Their faces pale and tightly drawn
Compress'd their speech: and the sunny dawn
Which made this couple man and wife
Opened the door of contentions strife,
Which would ever war and wage
Ever and always in silent rage.
Between the two whose souls had fled
Into the starlight, whose luster shed
Upon these mortals not any ray,
They battle with there now dark day.
In the mind of Helos, suspicion dark
Has made of him a centered mark,
Filled his mind with thoughts of rage,
The depth of jealousy, who can gauge.
His misery grew as the years pass by,
Has made galling chains of the golden tie.
He changed in actions and in looks
In every corner the devil lurks,
To his mind now dark'ned sadly
As raged his bitterness more madly
A few short years so quickly pass'd
Upon his heart more sorrows mass'd.
Until for him life held no joy
And thoughts of love could only cloy.
Upon the man who had been so bright
Upon which life meant one sunlight.
Now bowed and bent in waning years
Pour'd with the world he shed no tears
But mute and sullen, on came old age
All joys of life a forgotten page.

And Lillian the fair one whose footsteps light
Had chased away the shadows of night
By her winning youthful smile
And her sweetest glance awhile,
Morose and petulant by turns
Grew she: anger in her heart now burns
Her great love died, her beauty faded,
Her frame is limp, her step is jaded.
Disappointed with all of life
It appeared to her one awful strife.
The gloomy days now suit her best
In her heart a hidden quest
Courts deep solitude, shuns the sun rays,
Settled despair now attending all her days
The years crept—ah! so slowly by
Will the end ne'er come was her one sigh.
Poverty had added its hideous face
Whose deathly mark left a vicious trace
Up on the two who began life blest
Apparently: 'tis sad confess't
Until at last they came to hate
And that—alas—was the mortals fate.
Death a thousand times were better
Than the living death whose letter
Upon so many hearts are branded
Like burning fire, and to be candid
Humanity is a living lie
Whose dying struggles alone the cry,
Of truthfulness in its hoarse ring
'Tis a grewsome ghostly thing.
This problem of the changing soul,
So brief in parts, so sad the whole.
Satisfaction of the moment enters not tumultu-
ous mind,
Grasping ever for the ideal is the creed of most
mankind.

But away to the angels, whose happy course
Is toward a star whose misty force
Compels there souls with firm attraction
Without the crudeness of refraction.
Leaving a world where all was so clear
What unknown consciousness draws them near
A world that is dark and very small,
The brilliant worlds have been joy—all.
They sigh and shudder with silent fear
As thro' the darkness they draw near,
Familiar seems this place to me
This beautiful garden which I see
Covered with roses, buds and vines,
Magnolia blossoms whose stems entwines
The beautiful lillies nodding so white,
Standing stately in the calm moonlight
A placid lake whose silvery gleam
Answers every bright moon beam.
Grassy slopes near the waters edge.
Beauty is nature's honest pledge.
Alight the angels on this spot
Can it be they have forgot
This the garden—there the arbor,
There the scenes which lovers harbor,
Lillian dost thou, this place remember?
Ah! memory's but a dying ember
'Twas our home a short space ago
Much since then we've learned to know
They glide along toward the stately pile
With its ancient turret style.
Radiant and beautiful with love divine
To youthfulness forever they happily consign.

Sitting mute within the crumbling walls
Of these tomb-like and ancestral halls
The mortals whose expression wore a lear

In whose every voice and look a sneer
The man was flabby—and heavy lidded eyes
Dissipation had rendered him full of heavy sighs
Tottering and unhappy, not willing to die,
To live, ah! to live—is his vain cry.
The woman broken, old and wrecked
The greenish eyes with which she's decked
Turn amber as the candles light
Fall upon this awful sight.
Thus the angels stood and gazed
Upon the horror which had dazed
There senses, and the frightful view
Brought the visions meaning true.
And raising up the dim half sightless eyes
The mortals saw the angels from the skies
Standing there with mournful pitying look,
Life or death no more was a sealed book.
Crying out aloud in fitful starts
Death had set his seal upon their hearts
And when their eyes were closed in death's last
sleep
A peaceful smile had come from out the deep
Reserves of nature and upon their face
Settled: leaving of sorrow scarce a trace.

My Lillian we will from this place away
Said Helos: back to the world where all is day
Sad, ah! sad, the angels took their flight
They had learned a secret in that night
Humbler than before and very meek
To help all suffering souls is what they seek.
And thus it is thro' this one law alone
Are angels made: no other law is known
By giving up forever selfishness
Is the attainment of supreme happiness.

November 27, 1895.

"AN INDIAN LEGEND."

Dea-hi-ho-gah* in his white canoe
Burst from the darkness into view
On the northern river wide
Paddling down its white capp'd tide.
Deep thought sat upon the brow
Of the grey-hair'd red man now,
Penetration lights his eye
In whose depths dark mysteries lie.
With single oar he paddles lightly
Toward the west—and shining brightly
Through the high rocks—is the sun
Now his weary quest is done.
From the clouds he has descended
Tribes of red men have been defended
By his magic and stern power
Years before—and every hour
Is his prestige understood
From the Great Spirit—and good
Are his thoughts and all his actions
Loved is he and his attractions
Are both just and so divine
That the nations six entwine
'Round his memory and name
Lasting power and lasting fame
By Ha-we-ne-u‡ deputed
By the red men not refuted
Dea-hi-ho-gah visits earth
'Tis the Indians traditional birth.

*Dea-hi-ho-gah—wise man.

‡Ha-we-ne-u—Great Spirit.

Paddling lightly along the shore
His white canoe with single oar
Soon the fragile prow made fast
Lightly stepped to earth at last.
Ascends the loftiest western hill
With calmest majesty—and still
Pride and kindliness lights his eye
As his face turns toward the sky
Then around him silent gazing
Lists his ear to nature's praising
Thro' the lake of thousand isles
Enchants the sachem's heart with smiles,
Drawing his stately height—noble and free
Cries happily aloud—Osh-wah-kee, Osh-wah-kee.*

Two hunters of a nation great
The proud Mohawks—this tale relate
Behind the hills they lay concealed
And saw the spirit-man revealed.
Quietly he them approaches
Not with harsh or stern reproaches
But with kind and friendly greeting
Is the spirit-man and hunters meeting.
A tale of sadness to him tell
Of empty hunting grounds—as well
As sufferings they had borne
Doomed they thought to ever mourn.
Thus they spoke without restraint
The spirit-man hears their complaint.
The hunters serve their aged guest
A roast of venison—and now they rest
The red men smoke the calumet

* Osh-wah-kee interpreted from the Indian means, I see everything and see nothing. Oswego river is named from Osh-wah-kee.

In the evening's dim sunset.
And Dea-hi-ho-gah then disclosed
As his listeners reposed
That he would fill with fish the streams
The hunting grounds with game—and deems
It wise to tell how Ha-we-ne-yoh
Had sent him in the red men's view
And said the wise man furthermore
The streams be cleared along the shore
Of every barrier which met their way
And started they at break of day
The Mohawk hunters—brave and true
With Dea-hi-ho-gah in his white canoe.

On the shores of Skan-yan-da-de*
Whose waters tints are like the sea—
Dea-hi-ho-gah makes his abode
Among the nations six he strode.
The people flocked from every place
To look upon his calm wise face
And wished him to instruct and teach
In matters far beyond their reach
And thus the years pass swiftly by
The red men heed his slightest sigh.
His divine character laid he aside
And lived as man with a dusky bride.
He taught the red man to plant the corn
And made for him the council horn
And taught them how the beans to raise
And dealt them out deserving praise.
Taught them to make the wampum belt
Of beads and shells and hempen welt
And wigwams build of skin of deer,
Canoe of birch—and sharpened spear
And blest them all with lavish hand

* Skan-yan-da-de—Cross Lake.

'Till warriors came from a northern land
With ferocious front and wild war cry
And the council fire is burning high
And purpos'd schemes 'gainst the invasion
Dea-hi-ho-gah speaks on this occasion.
These rude invaders we must repel
Alone and single—is not well
Our brave warriors must unite
And from our borders be the fight
We shall be safe when this is done
The red man speaks—as sinks the sun.

You—Mohawks—under the “Great Tree”
First in the nation shall you be
All shall cry to you aloud
Because you are warriors mighty and proud.

And you—Oneidas—of the “Everlasting Stone,”
Second shall be—you shall not moan
Because you are of gifted speech
And wisest counsel you will teach.

And you—Onondagas—whose habitation
Is “Great Mountain” and its grand relation
Third shall be—for lovers of peace
By your teaching war shall cease.

And you—Cayugas—of “Forest Dark,”
Whose home is everywhere—will mark
Fourth shall be—for in the chase
Your cunning wins the foremost race.

And you—Senecas—in “Open Country” living
Fifth shall be—and then much wisdom giving
To raise the corn—you understand
And you “Five Nations” shall rule the land.

And you Manhattees—and all the rest
From north and south, from east and west
Place yourselves in our protection
List your ear to our direction

If in this great bond we unite
Ha-we-ne-u's smile shall be our light
Happy, prosperous and free—
Guard this covenant faithfully.
As the wise man ceased to speak,
His downcast face looked very meek
A burst of music rent the air
Seeming to come from everywhere.
Celestial melody—low and sweet
Singing voices—blending greet
The rapturous echoes in Heaven's arch
Like a grand triumphant march
All eyes now were turned on high
The wise man with a farewell cry
Seated in his white canoe
Rising gracefully from their view
Higher—higher—toward the cloud
The astonished natives cry aloud
The music now is wierd and low
Moaning away in a plaintive flow
Strains of sweetest, softest tones
Dying away in wailing moans
The god-like Dea-hi-ho-gah in his white canoe
Entered the regions of Ha-we-ne-u.

Such was the story told this night
In a wigwam warm—by a pine logs light
Told by the warrior Ha-sta-wen-send-ta
Told to his daughter Ga-hah-do-wit-ta.*

* Ga-hah-do-wit-ta—prophetess.

Beloved was she by all the tribe
Daughter of the sachem scribe
Living at "Great Mountain's" foot
Guarded by its branch and root.

Fertile are the valley plains
When the summer sun regains
Control of bird and fruit and corn
Blessings easily are born.

To-night the shrill bleak winds are blowing
On the wigwam floor—the bright light glowing
The aged chief by the fire is bent
With withered cheek—and hollow dent.

Crouching closely by his side
His darling daughter—his only pride
Covered in a pile of skins
Smiles from her the chieftain wins.

As he tells of fairy tales
And happier days—and now bewails
Loss of tribes and homes and friends
Grief the chieftain's heart now rends.

All this land was once our play ground
To the pale-face we were not bound
Where the crumbling arsenal stands
Oun-di-a-ga led his bands.

Now my child will wed a stranger
Know I well the path of danger
Lowly sank the sachem's head
As he dropped upon his bed.

Father—Ga-hah-do-wit-ta cried
I will not live to be a bride
Ha-we-ne-u calls to me
Soon his smiling face I'll see.

I was to wed upon to-morrow
A nation's brave—now only sorrow
Falls upon my sinking heart
To-night I know that we must part.

Ha-we-ne-u! O, spare my child,
Cried the sachem—long and wild
As he breathes in broken sighs
The lovely Ga-hah-do-wit-ta dies.

They buried her with pomp and show
In the valley—in the snow
All the women mournfully wailing
Chanting the death songs unavailing.

The flower of the flock—without one moan
To the land of souls—alone—alone
One mourner sat by her lonely grave
Dumb in his grief—was the Mohawk brave.

He was the swiftest in the race
Handled the bow with native grace
The surest hunter—the keenest eye
And the first to utter the warrior's cry.

No more for him would the hunter's chase
Cheer his heart with its quickened pace
In anguish keen he cries aloud
For the dark eyed girl in the snowy shroud.

Bow and arrow he laid aside
Cast down the war club with broken pride
Peace and joy for him was o'er
Since Ga-hah-do-wit-ta was no more.

He had heard old people say
There was a path as light as day
Into the land of souls would lead
Their direction he would heed.

After many hours of mourning
He started out with little warning
Guided only by tradition—
Toward the south—the one condition.

On he journeyed—yet no change
Seemingly in nature's range
On bush and tree the snow piled high
Is the scene which greets the Mohawk's eye.

Dreary—dreary land of snow
The cold north winds forever blow
Could Ga-hah-do-wit-ta have come this way
The black eyed youth asked the lonely day.

Dreary—dreary—the lonely heart
Seeking forever its counter part
Through the northern icy breath
Peering into the face of death.

Almost dead from the piercing cold
With staggering step, the Mohawk bold
Halted tremblingly to rest
For many moons had been his guest.

At last—the sun began to shine
The forest 'sumed more cheerful rhyme
The leaves put forth their small green buds
The snows retreated in falling floods.

Before the young man was aware
A change complete—Oh, beauty rare—
The joyous birds their warblings sing
He found himself surrounded by spring.

All the land of ice and snow
Left behind in the valley low
Above his head a field of blue
Flowers beside him quickly grew.

The balmy air was soft and mild
Dark clouds rolled back as in anger wild
Clearing an archway in the sky
The traditional sign that the path was nigh.

It led him through pomegranate groves
Then high on a hill the Mohawk roves
On the very top a lodge he spied
Ga-hah-do-wit-ta—the lover cried.

At the door an old man stood
Staff in hand of polished wood
With whitened hair and firey eyes
Had heard the fainting travelers cries.

Throwing loosely on his shoulders
A robe of skins—he climbs the boulders
You are welcome to my abode
As all who climb this weary road.

The dark-skin'd youth began—in part
To tell the tale of his broken heart
The white haired chieftain raised his hand
I knew you were coming unto this land.

Just had I risen to come and meet you
'Twas known to me you were brave and true
She whom you seek—just pass'd this way
Fatigued with her journey—sat here a day.

Enter my lodge—and take this seat
Rest your body and weary feet
Your enquiries I will try
To answer and will satisfy.

This done—they issued from the door
See yonder gulf with its widening shore
'Tis the land of souls' the chieftain cried
You stand on its borders in manhood's pride.

This my lodge is the entrance gate
Your body must stay—that is the fate
Of all who pass and you will learn
You will find it safe on your return.

Forward—bound the traveler—free—
As if on wings toward the distant sea
Trees nor groves—hill nor wave
Stopped the passage of the brave.

Through them he appeared to go
Spectre like they seem'd to glow
The land of shadows around him lie
Looming up to the bright blue sky.

And now he reached the waters edge
This was the white haired chieftain's pledge
An island in the center lay
Covered by the haze of day.

A stone canoe of shining white
Tied to the shore—now met his sight
The aged man had told of this
And now the path to the land of bliss.

Entering the canoe so sprightly
With shining oar he paddles lightly
To his joy and intense surprise
Ga-hah-do-wit-ta is before his eyes.

Seated in a small canoe
Counterpart of his own in hue
Watching him with loving pride
On the lake they are side by side.

Push they out from the dark green shore
To part they now! Ah, never more
Into the whitening edge of the wave
Paddled the girl and the Mohawk brave.

To the island looked a long, long distance
The waves now offered strong resistance
Storms are sweeping across the lake
Whirling wreaths of clear foam break.

Many forms were struggling there
Old and young and beauty rare
In the wild waves some are sinking
The angry waters—their souls are drinking

Many sank: and heaps of bones
Strewn on the bottom midst the stones
They could see through the water clear
Thus they were in constant fear.

Only the children whose canoes
No barriers met—the waves refuse
Now they reach the island shore
After the dark and wild storms roar.

And leap'd they on the pearl-like sand
The boundary line of this dreamy land
Strengthen'd by its very air
Lovely visions every where.

Together over blissful fields
They wander—and all nature yields
Beauty to please the ear, the eye,
Not a wail of sorrows cry.

There no tempest—nor chilly wind
Nor wars—nor graves—can they find
No one crying there for bread
No one mourning for the dead

There no wintry ice—nor snow
All was bathed in a golden glow
There no sorrow—no despair
Joy and peace alone was there.

Daisies—lillies—roses—sweet
Make the carpet for their feet
Singing birds from every clime
Making melody sublime.

Azalia wreaths in festoons hung
Across the branches the ivy swung—
Stately palms and nooks of shade
Bending willows in every glade.

Forever the warrior would here remain
List'ning forever to the sweet refrain
Go back—go back—came an awful voice
To the land whence thou came—thou hast no
choice.

The "Master of Life" he did not see
He heard the voice from the highest tree
The duties for which I have made you
Are not finished—and are but few.

Spake the awful voice—'Tis not your time
Return to your people—far from this clime
You will rule your tribe for many days
Be a good man the wise law says.

My aged messenger at the gate
List to him—he will relate
You shall then the island find
Which you now must leave behind.

She you love will wait you here
Young and fair and very dear
As when I called her from the land of snow
Back to that land where you must go.

The "Master of Life" now ceased to speak
The warrior turned to blindly seek
The pathway over the wild storm's roar.
Which had led him along to that golden shore.

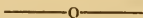
Back to the sea now raging madly
Turn'd the dark-skinned warrior sadly
Knowing scarce which way to go
Back to the bitter land of snow.

Back to the land of hunger and tears
Back to the joyless land of fears
The warrior's heart is sad and dreary
The warrior's heart is weary—weary.

Back again—with weary feet
To the valley 'neath the hills retreat
Just at daylight's fading glow
Back to the bitter land of snow.

And so midst misery's scenes we wait
For the island calm—this is our fate
We are wand'ers—struggling slow
Through the bitter land of snow.

August 3, 1896.



MADAME LASCAIRE: THE WITCH OF THE BLACK FOREST.

'Twas moonlight in the black forest
A forest of giant trees
Whose branches sway with jest
In the soft night breeze.
Heavy festoons of creeping moss
Through which the moonlight falls
Whose fantastic shadows loss
Flower bestrewn turf recalls.

The echoes float to the branches high
The dull roar of Danube billows
Defiant is the night owl's cry
Resonant to the willows.
Which guard the many winding bends
Like firm standing sentinels
Of the stream whose deep charm lends
Varied beauty o'er hills and dells.
Anon—the whirr of heavier wings is heard
Black as the silent depths of forest shade
Like the great bubus—the mysterious aztec bird.
An alien wandered his home was made
With heavy, peculiar motion-swing
Flies down past one's very face
Sends a ghostly shivering ring
Throughout this grewsome place.
'Tis a most unseemly hour
Midnight is the time
The forest in its highest power
Denotes an enchanting clime.
Picturesque spots here and there
Of restfulness and seclusion
Ilex and laurel grow everywhere
The scene is not delusion.
A change is working through the forest trees
A storm is coming on with awful glare
Leaping from crest to crest as stormy seas
Whirling from peak to peak with thrilling dare
Breaking the stillness of the moonlight night
Like a sad and silent plaintive wail
Gathering force from the echoes with its might
Like a departed spirit in the gale.
Striking terror to the very heart
Of the superstitious and the sad
Only of amusement a light part
To the happy minded and the glad.

The gods are angry for some cause unknown
Is what the simple villagers believe
Living at the forest's edge alone
Not much wisdom do they e'er receive.
Into the woods farther penetrating
Denser grows the trees and deeper shade
Black with awful storm the night relating
Wildest tales until the dark shall fade.
Black and wild and mournfully the wailing
Of the heavy, mad and groaning wind
Falls the blinding sheets of rain unveiling
A change in Nature's own capricious mind—
And the denseness of that midnight forest
Smites the heart with awful fear and dread
With bated breath and anguished thought—lest
One might think they're walking with the dead.
So haunting is the untrod woods in night hours
In a storm whose wild and vicious wrath
Sweep along like spirits of dark powers
Drowning all things light within its path—
Now the air grows cold as morning's chill
Wraps the woods in dark and dullest grey
Falling on every vale and hill
So breaks the first drear peep of day.
And in the midst of all this solitude
In the midst of all this stormy night
Stands a castle whose unheard prelude
Is its silent ghostly ruined sight.
One broken wing with wet ivy clinging
To the crumbling mortar and the stones
As if to keep away the wild storms ringing
Out in the night its awful wailing tones.
The castle is an ancient Gothic structure
Built there many years, years ago
Before the Goths and Germans had their rupture
Built in the days when thought was slow.

The turrets loom through straggling vines
The oaken doors are black with age
High grown shrubs their place outlines
Time has left a written page
Of ambition, wealth and fame
Upon this old castle hidden
In the forest depths whose name
Honor, grandeur and pomp had bidden—
To attend in days gone by
Music strains had pealed from out
The fan traced windows to the sky
In days when youth ne'er had a doubt.
Yet to-night in all the wild storms rage
Out from a window shines a flickering light
'Tis gone one moment, then again will gauge
Its seeming strength into the awful night
Inside from whence that fleeting ray
Of candle light shines out in faintest gleams
The chief beauty of the interior gray
Is the groined ceiling whose exquisite beams
The surface being spread with lace like ribbing
Belonging to this age of massiveness
And characteristic of simplicity combining
A network of intricate passiveness.
Furniture of rare old handiwork
Carved in grapes and leaves and vines
In whose uncanny shadows lurks
Phantom stories speak of hidden crimes.
In one remote and dark corner
Stands a tall candelabra of brass
The very room to a foreigner
Is ghastly in every line—alas—
That we should live so far away
From the periods of the past
Our own every night and day
We think perhaps will always last.

In the midst of this decaying splendor
Lying crouched in silken cushions rare
Is a woman pale and wan and slender
On her face the candles fleeting glare
Makes a shade and shadow as it falls
On her pallid deathly looking face
Bringing an echo from the heavy walls
Piercing through the gloomy dark'ned space
Lives she there like one alive or dead
Impossible for one to tell which—
Her claw-like hands and withered templed head
Pronounce her at the first slight glance the
“Witch.”
Her eyes are closed which make her look more
deathly
Around them hollow sunken circles lie
The very shadows pass her by so stealthily
As if afraid of her wide open eye.
Around her clings a faded satin gown
Dull and black and purple like in hue
Seemingly to mingle with her frown
As if upon her very form it grew—
So withered are the crumpled hanging folds
Limp and sere with age and damp confines
Ah! how the vicious mortal holds
Her clutch on life with deepest dark designs—
A jeweled brooch at her throat betrays
The glittering red and blue of warm sapphire
Shining light and dark in numerous rays
The only thing alive within the dire
Surroundings of this ancient room
Precious gems speak more of future time
Than much material logic we assume
The diamond loves its own mysterious clime.
But now the sleeping woman wakes
And Oh! what lights from out her eyes
Shine with black and red and yellow—makes
A thrill of horror at the keen disguise.

Whose long dark lids when closed upon
Those burning piercing orbs
With look of fixed and wild intention
One's mind she fearlessly absorbs
By the weirdness of her appearance
Her face so pale and drawn and strange
The brightest light would but enhance
Her pallor—and all within the range
Of her black and wildly gleaming eyes.
“I must have life! I feel I'm dying
I will not die,” she weakly cries
While I hold the secret buying—
Of any life within my reach
Thus have I lived for many years
By the laws which none can teach
I'll wield them now and shed no tears—
This year I've searched the hamlets through
For youth—'tis youth I ever crave
All were short-lived except the few
They have kept me from the grave—
To-night my strength is on the wane
'Tis passing strange this weakened heart
The fates about me would I fain
Bid this breath from me depart.
I see the grave—the worms—the slime
The grinning teeth, the socketless eye
That hideous prison house for all time
Which is the end of all who die.
'Tis why I've sought through all these years
The hidden mysteries of life to find
The wise men of the East and even seers
Their knowledge I have found to firmly bind
This power called life within me
I care not what the cost
Her gloating eyes with devil's glee
Plainly tell her soul is lost.

To all that's good, the one wild mad desire
That clutches like a viper in her breast
And eats like moulted lead and burning fire
To live forever is her wild request.
The grave again—she shrieks with awful fright
Her withered hands beat back a fancied scene
The prison house—the worms—the slime to-night
Appear to grasp and beckon—can it mean
I counted wrong the last life that I drew
Said twenty years—the planets told me so
Not half that time has passed. I slew
That last tall youth ten years to-night I know.
I note this secret potion has not strength
To last as long as in the former years
Once before it failed me in its length
That it may happen now I have some fears.
For I would die if I could not refill
This withered shrunken frame with youthful life
And preparations for the blood I spill
Does not require a curved or sharpened knife—
I'll lay me down and rest a little more
And shut out the haunting dream in which I
woke.
She dragged her trembling limbs across the floor
These words she quickly framed and weakly
spoke.
Stupid fools of humanity who only live to die
Out of your ranks I pick and choose and ply
my art with joy
Poltroon—dupes, while I will I can defy
That seeming end to all I play with a toy.
Six hundred years have I kept this breath
And lived—yet 'tis but a day
Six hundred years have I baffled death
I'll never yield as his pray.
Unless I meet with a stronger will
Than my own—which never will be.

None I've ever met could kill
Nor weaken or wrest this power from me.
Then why to-night this woeful fear?
Which surges through my heavy heart
I live on, while very drear
Is life to others, they must part
With the precious boon and then prepares to cross
The grave—the grave—the prison house—she
shrieks
With shaking sobs—I rightly feared my loss!
More strength to live immediately she seeks.
She staggers through the dark and creaking door
On thro' winding dark'ned narrow halls
To a spacious opening in the floor
On one side steps which vividly recalls
Graves and vaults and horrible dark things
Carefully and cautious she descends
Unlocks a bolted door whose clanging rings
Mingle with the shadows it contends.
Another inner door she then unlocks
A gust of cold wind blows upon her face
At fear of ghost or goblin she mocks
Death is the only fear which knows her grace.
Ah! many a handsome youth and bright eyed
maid
Has crossed the fatal threshold of that room
In youth young hearts are never scarce afraid
To ne'er come out alive was their sad doom.
A gypsy girl of exquisite beauty rare
Is the latest victim of the hag
Her head defiant and with haughty dare
Demands release—her spirit does not flag
Until she looks and meets the woman's eye.
She trembles, then recoils and quickly turns
And breaks forth in a gasping shivering cry
Through and through her soul that wild look
burns

The woman's eyes are blazing balls of fire
Now red—now yellow—like a demon's glare
A bitter sneer plays with derisive ire
Like a savage panther in its lair.
No word she speaks but steadily advancing
Slowly toward the horror stricken girl
The glitter of her powerful eye entrancing
The senses of the child in awful whirl.
The gypsy smiled, extended out her hands
Laid them in the woman's vise like clasp
Around her closed the vulture's tight'ning bands
She sighed a glad cry—gave a little gasp—
Upon her heaving bosom fell her head
With its tumbled mass of midnight hair
The spark within her, we call Life, had fled
The beauteous face had lost the look of care
Which captivity had traced with heavy line
No more the glorious eyes will sparkle bright
The dark'ned beauty of her features fine
No more will laugh and love in bright sunlight
Still and stiff and rigid she has grown
The color gone forever from her cheek
All the joys of life from her have flown
The hungry ghoul beside her found her meek.
She gently yielded out her life to me
Another who could not resist my sway
The croaking hag cried out with hellish glee
Far many days her life will pave my way.
With keen desires of life and feverish youth
With joy and gladness and more brightened
thought
With quicker step—and all in all—in truth
Which makes the secret deed so easily bought.
She dropped the dead girl's hands and stepped
aside
A hidden spring into the wall she press'd

Revealing a low rumbling like the tide
The sound indeed was hideous she confess'd.
A large stone in one corner is removed
A hole so black and flowing water there
Harder she pressed the spring until it grooved
An unseen socket meant there to prepare
A resting prop for so huge a block
A rushing gust of cold wind there arose
A peal of thunder made earth shake and rock
A fitting requiem for so sad a close—
Of the gypsy girl in young and tender bloom
In all her life no one had she e'er harmed
Innocent she met her death in gloom
The witch at her black crime is not alarmed.
The girl she drags with sudden strengthened
arm
Across the stones and in the gaping hole
Pitches the body—firmly to disarm
Suspicion as to how escaped the soul.
Back the spring and rock flew into place
Turns the witch and bolts the inner door
Leaving of the devil's act no trace
All was drowned in the wild storm's roar.
She locked the outer door and climbed the stair
Traced her steps back through the narrow
halls
Through the creaking door with studied care
In her silken cushions now she falls.
And slumbers thro' the calm and sunlit day
On until the lowering evening's glow
Spreads a darkened cloud on every ray
Slumbers on till midnight's ebbing flow
Proclaims the coming of another dawn
The woman wakes and peering in her glass
All the hideous age and wrinkles gone
Around her temples fall a clinging mass

Of luxurious curls warm and young
Her cheeks are rich with color red
Her youthful hands now rest among
The silken sheen beneath her pillow'd head
Her forehead is as fair as marble white
The blue veins are transparent thro' the skin
In her eyes a soft and mellow light
And plump of form, the hag who was so thin—
Youth she has—and for youth she would sell
Her soul unto the darkest unseen powers
Into the horrors of abysmal hell
From nought on any world the woman cowers
Ah! many days I'll now live and enjoy
Life in all its variegated hues—
For happiness I ever will employ
That pertaining to all earthly veins.
I'll speed away among the grand and gay
And sip the honey like the drunken bee
Of pleasures that will fall in my pathway
The world is one bright flower garden for me.

Cloaked and veiled at night she leaves the castle
Skulking—hiding—'till well out of sight
A heavy cloak tied with a cord and tassel
Covers the cowering form that darkened night.
Now she is stationed in a brilliant City
Domiciled with richest luxuries rare
The hag of hell has not one breath of pity
Upon the lives she took to keep her fair.
Around her—splendid gayety entwining
She fascinates the soul's of those she can
The witch is wise and rapidly consigning
The joys of love her basest passions fan.
The grandeur of her city habitation
Is unsurpassed throughout the noblest land
The beauty of the scene in fine relation
With the legends of the fairy's wand.

Fine hewn blocks of greystone is her palace
Arched and towered in wonderful design
Gushing streams in marble fountains solace
Troubled thoughts which she can scarce define.
Flowers and clinging vines of rarest hue
Shed their cooling, sweet and scented lustre
Into the warm sunlight—and new
And delicate light green tendrils cluster
Around the vines which guard the portals
Of the palace grand and dim
Clinging like earthly thought to mortals
Like an anthem—like a hymn.
The priceless hangings of the dark interior
Speak age and time, and wealth within their
fold
To the highest woven art they're not inferior
Like fine spun ocean foam and brilliant gold
Mantels there of light Canara marble
Lamps of every pattern—every shade
In golden cages colored song birds warble
With richest rugs the polished floors are laid.
In richly wrought low brazen burners
Burning perfume scents the air
Mellow incense in nooks and corners
The wildest dreams of luxury there.
Dwelling thus amidst all this untold splendor
The woman witch holds forth with cunning
dare
Surrounded by those who willingly render
Servile homage to Madame Lascaire.
Fair indeed to look upon to-night
Is the woman of so dark a past
Radiant with gems whose precious light
Myriads of gleaming scintillations cast.
Clad in clinging white of softest gauze
Diamonds deck her arms and breast and brow

At beauty of her outlines one would pause
Knowing that the gods love to endow
With beauty rare those whom they love
Not one in all the vast essemble
But thought of her as a chastened dove
Shadowed lives, ah! well may tremble—
A day will come when acts shall be
Known and read unseen—unheard
A day will come when thoughts we'll see
A voiceless sound—a plain heard word.

Madame Lascaire to-night is in her glee
Around her beauty, youth and wit preside
A banquet grand and music's revelry
Rolls out as to the stately dance they glide.
Youth and beauty—love—then bliss
Ah! to have that day forever—
'Tis the one bright ray of happiness
To come again—no—never—never—
Madame's mood seems sad to-night
Surely there's no apparent reason
Yet her heartstrings clutching tight
Tugging at some hidden treason
A well knit youth with flashing eye
Dark curling hair and tall and sad
Has reached her soul and made her sigh.
His pale face turns her brain half mad
He has left her side one moment
To have a word with other guests
When he's gone she is not content
She loves him is the thought which rests
In her heart and brain and mind
Searing her like a burning fire
And for love I've never pined
But this uncontrollable desire.
For love is almost new to me
Perhaps 'twill pass me lightly by

The gypsy's love is like an angry sea.
She quickly stifles a rising cry
Coming toward her—knightlike laden
Leading by the trembling hand
A flaxen haired and blue eyed maiden
Orlof the lover—takes command.
Proud indeed to lead Natalie
The fairest girl for miles around
About her side the nobles dally
But eyes cast shyly to the ground.
Natalie passes wealth and riches by
With quiet air pursues her humble way
Gentle as the summer's zephyr sigh
Like a lily in its gracious sway.
Her face is like a delicate ocean shell
So exquisite in shade of pink and white
On closer look her deepest blue eyes tell
To mingle with the angels she's the right.
Upon her lips a playful winning smile
Suddenly departs as now her grace
Bends towards her with no visible guile
An angel and a devil face to face.
The woman reads her doom in Orlof's eyes
As bending close beside the queenly girl
She hears his pleading rapturous lover's sighs
The torments of the dam'ed in vicious whirl
Surges thro' her brain with jealous hate
He loves her—and his heart is hers I know
The castle, Ah! the castle is her fate
And then—the river rushing black below
His passionate love for Natalie stamps his face
With illumination, happiness and joy
His ardent hopes and youthful heart will race
Against all odds for gold without alloy
The woman — witch — her heart on fire with
rage

Hellish hate and jealous envy deep

Manevolently smiles—ah!—who can gauge
The treachery of which we have a peep.

The pale faced girl I hate! I'll have her life
His love I swear shall be mine—all mine

Rather than live and know she was his wife
The greatest bliss of life I would resign.

I cannot understand this fierce wild love
Which shatters the joys of life which I have
known

I've never sighed to be the mating dove
The gypsy's love and hate has now made moan.

I cannot bear this choking stifling air
The happy lovers pass her calmly by

The room grows dark to Madame Lascaire
Altho' her burning, tearless eyes are dry

A jeweled mirror back reflects her face
Suddenly grown pale and wan and thin

Leaving of her beauty scarce a trace
She flies to concealed rooms—and once within

Their secret walls her undoing beholds
Standing there before her polished glass

Age claims her in its unrelenting folds
She writhes and screams a false and broken mass

The curling ringlets of her hair has gone
And in their place are shocks of whitened hair

She tears them out—as fiercely wild and long
Her shrieks and wailing cries now pierce the air.

The firm white hand so perfect and so slender
Is purpled nailed and like a withered claw

No one in all the world would now defend
her

Her hideous face no sympathy could draw.

She sees her face take on the look of death

She tears the cheeks that lately were so red

Oh, fading beauty! and fast fleeting breath

So stands the witch with sunken templed head.

From her brow she tears the gleaming jewel
Tears in shreds the silken gauzy dress

Ah! that nature thus should be so cruel
She suffers deeply now we must confess.

Much like a skeleton she stands
Bones and parchment like sin

Life exacts its huge demands
Against the strength of her dark skin—

O, hope of youth lost for a time
The witch cries forth with a bitter wail
The hope of love with soothing rhyme
Has come to me without avail.

Oh, woeful sight this hideous face
Her claw like hands clutch empty air

On the floor amidst her splendid lace
Crouched the hag who was so fair.

For hours she lay there deeply moaning
Writhing torments tore her heart.

Breathing hard and faintly groaning
Loathe was she with youth to part.

Across the floor on hands and knees
She drags herself with feeble power

Will her wild wailings never cease?
Now the witch is seen to cower

And clutching at a darkened robe
Winds its many numerous folds

About her now none could probe
The secret she alone condoles.

She leaves a letter to Natalie
Come at once to Madame Lascaire

To the castle near the valley
I will meet you fair one there.

With head and face deep in her mantle wrapped
She crawls and crouches through the brilliant
halls

Like a snarling panther whose been trapped.

The lights and strains of music on her palls.

Not daring once to raise her loathsome eyes
Bent and crouched she fled into the night

The guests dispersing made many wond'ring
cries

Why Madame Lascaire should take to flight.

On to the castle speeds the midnight hag
Muttering curses through her withered lips

Cursing the reigning powers who thus would
drag

Away from her the luscious honey sips.

The gypsy's life was short I thought not so
Of late I'm falling quickly from my throne

I'll not give up the struggle,—no—no—
I'll conquer this without a threat or groan
Henceforth I will take much more precaution
I'll double the lives I've taken as of yore

Her hands clutched in convulsive contortion
My soul cries out to live, Ah! more and more.

She neared the dense black forest just at break
of day

Met a youthful lad going out to toil

Stopped and asked of him the way

Her blackhearted purpose thus to foil.

A witch lives in the castle said the lad
All the humble villagers believe

They say of course a woman who is mad
And from the devil's strength to live receive.

She has lived there many, many years they say
Alone and any one who ventures there

Never comes out alive again—I pray
You go not near the cursed castle's glare.

The children in the village—when night falls
Never tread the clearing near the wood

The mothers in the early evening calls
The children in—the woman there's not good.

The child looked up when this speech said
And met the woman's gleaming eye

Back from her head her mantle laid.

The lad his eyes turned to the sky,
The blood in his young veins is froze
With terror deep and awful fright
A piercing scream from him arose
And not a living soul in sight
To save him from the devil fiend
With gasping fright the child grew cold
The reptile's eyes which the night had screened
Turns on the lad her powers bold
And wrests from him his budding youth
And gloating in the mornings ray
On to the castle—and forsooth
The child lies dead by the dense roadway.
In the gloomy castle now again
Crouches the woman down in mute despair
A face is haunting her with bitter pain
A girl with deep blue eyes and golden hair
I must bring her here by false devise
Word I've sent her that I am ill
Madame Lascaire—will kill her in a thrice
And with her life my waning life force fill.
Then speedily I'll wend me to my palace
There will shine—Ah!—young and fair again
I see me now upon the moonlit terrace
The queen to knightly Orlof will I reign.
And when I've drank my draught of her young
life
I'll pluck her eyes out, I hate her so.
No life in all my long dark years of strife
Has baffled me with this dread so low.
While I hate her yet I fear her
Something in her smites my heart
And forebodings dark engender
Fears of which I fain would part.
This love for Orlof my heart is eating
Through and through with awful pain
Ah! the joys of life are fleeting

Love is singing its sad refrain
In the heart of the hag of midnight
Scorching her with firey brand
With the daylight's fading twilight
Sinks the witch in slumber land.

Natalie receives the message
At the palace of Madame Lascaire
Of suspicion not a vestige
Of the fatal meaning there.
On the following sunlit morn
The hour the dew dries on the grass
To see the sick who are forlorn
Natalie the angel is seen to pass
Along the roadway toward the wood
In a pale blue dress the girl is clad
The wild birds sing with welcome joy—should
The butterflys alone be glad?
As flitting around the sweet Natalie
She trills and swings in childlike glee
Surely this must be the valley
Soon the castle I will see.
Her flaxen hair hangs in heavy braids
Tied with little knots of blue
Of the City's wondrous maids
Natalie is the fairest and good and true.
Her arms and shoulders with softest white
Finest veiling is amply puffed
A golden cord laced her corsage tight
Around her throat some silk is ruffed.
The sweet faced maiden treads along
The edge of the forest dark
The sunbeams fall on her like song
High o'er head now sings the lark.
Into the tangled woods she disappears
Wondering that the woman should come here

Before her eyes the dark old castle rears
Its hidden outlines now are standing clear.
I'll ask you for the sick Madame Lascaire
She told the hag who peeped out at the door
This way she cried with hidden vicious glare
She led the girl across the dark'ned floor
And into the room where first we saw the witch
She turned the key within the rusty lock
Into the room with tracing rare and rich
Into the room where unseen devils flock.
I'm Madame Lascaire the horrid creature cried
Now turning round full faced upon the girl
The saying I was sick—I readily lied
Her thin lips now so sneeringly curl
I brought you here to die—yes die—
She screamed and laughed with fiendish glee
None will ever hear your dying cry
And none will ever know but me.
Nay—cover up your eyes with your white hands
Nay shudder—there with fright and moan and
sway
Your life must yield to my commands
You have lived on earth your one last day.
Hundreds of years I've lived on such as you
And now you feed me for a time
Orlof will find a mistress new
As over your dead body thus I climb
And reach the height of all earthly ambition
By the power which you now feel.
And no amount of wealth or no condition
Will deviate my purpose which is real.
Have mercy, Oh! have mercy, sobbed Natalie,
And let me to my Orlof sped away
Her sinking voice she quickly tries to rally
On my knees I'm pleading that I may.
My Orlof will miss me—gentle Orlof
Whom I love with all my woman's heart
He would die for me—Ah! do not scoff
His heart would break if we should ever part.

Oh, do not look at me with such expression
Your eyes are like the snakes who fascinate
Natalie shivers at this bold digression
Her sinking heart cries out this is her fate.

Orlof seeks Natalie in the meantime
Listening to the story which he hears
Loosing all his mirth and song and rhyme
In his heart there arises sick'ning fears,
He hears Natalie strayed away that morning
Out toward where the forest lies so dense
Now evenings glow and hidden vesper bells ring
A horror deep has rooted now his sense.
Into the black forest Orlof speeds
Some unknown power seem to draw him on
The night grows dark, a night for hidden deeds
A deathly dread is falling now upon
His heart, can it be that Natalie dear
Has wandered to this lonesome place.
A flickering light now shines out clear
And against the window he pressed his face.
Oh God! to him what a sight revealed
His Natalie gasping and deathly white
His blood turned hot and then congealed
He sees Lascaire—by the dim candle's light
O'er the form of Natalie bending
She whose deep blue eyes are set
Screams the witch with shrieks unending
And her gleaming eyes like jet.
Give thy life—why do you foil me?
Give thy life—all hell commands
Orlof—sighs the sweet Natalie
I will meet you in fairer lands.
Powers of darkness aid me now
I lack strength to wrest her life
Devils—fiends to hell I bow
Help me in this first met strife.
Bending o'er Natalie nearer



Oh! ye powers of darkness save me
The prison house—the worms—the slime
Oh! from death I now must flee—
'Tis falsely said—death is sublime.

Sways the witch with reddish eyes

“Orlof thou to me art dearer”

Is her almost lifeless cries.

Like a whirlwind through the window
Springs Orlof—majestic—grand—

With a groan now wailing low
Lascaire, the witch, will take the stand.

And glaring at the intruder new
Orlof staggers from such eyes

Thou dupe and fool what would you do?
You walk to death—I would advise

Back! hellish witch—incarnate fiend
She meets his look with weakened sight
A dangerous light in his dark eyes gleamed
The struggle is one of awful might.

Back tho’ horror foul and black
In to the depths of hell repair

Your crimes shall be the tortuous rack
Devils and ghouls await you there.

She crouches down and whispers hoarse
My power is gone—all—all—is lost

She crawls aside with arising force
Her life I’ll have at any cost.

Staggering back with visible weakness
Shrieks and around the room she reels

In her face no sign of meekness
Fear of death is what she feels.

Oh, ye powers of darkness save me
The prison house—the worms—the slime

Oh, from death I now must flee
’Tis falsely said death is sublime.

Vague and indefinite thoughts impress
Her weakening mind with horror deep

Now surging bitter memories repress
The strength to live she cannot keep.

Back from her thou tortured vampire

Orlof hurls the hag away

I would see you thus expire

Now before the break of day

Now she writhes and shudders—now cowers

Hellish sounds she shrieks aloud

Death I feel—Oh, midnight powers

All is passing in a cloud.

Her glittering eyes roll more and more

As if before them visions float

A writhing mass now upon the floor

Her claw like hands clinch her bony throat.

With rattling death throes she is convulsed

The prison house—the slimy worms—

In broken wails—no more repulsed

Death will make with her no terms.

Shrunk—drawn—now in awful aspect

Mercy—mercy—in gasping cries

Her black soul earth and heaven reject

Thus Lascaire the witch now dies.

Orlof quickly grasped the faint Natalie

Through the doors into the cool night air

And safely in her sister's arms Eulalie

The pale faced girl receives abundant care.

The wedding bells pealed forth in early spring

And Orlof and the fair Natalie wed

As passed the happy years the joyous ring

Of bright eyed children—yet tears are shed.

When Orlof tells the little ones the story

About the dark old castle in the wood

And daily praises God in all his glory

For power to live—and live his life out good.

There is no compensation on this earth

For all the joy and sorrow which we feel

Only when we've passed the second birth

Are we in the land where joy is real.

August 15, 1895.

PRAYER TO KNOWLEDGE.

Thou God to which I humbly bow a knee
And kneel devoted at thy glorious shrine
With meekness and intense fidelity
I worship at thy altar divine

Thou God to which I reverently kneel
Thou God to which I fervently pray
Lead me through the darkness which I feel
Is but the breaking of a sunlit day.

Thou God which I accept as absolute
Thou watchword of the day and dark'ned night
Thou God whose laws cannot refute
That thou art all—and Infinite.

August 14, 1895.

THE STORY OF NOURHALIA.

Twelve maidens in Greece, hovered o'er burning incense
To call from the realms of the darkest midnight
Nourhalia the song bird—of fame—so intense
Was their wish that they heeded not the time's flight.

They had heard of the soul as a deep hidden story
Forbidden to them—they should ever explore—
Curious enough—woman like—to their glory
They yearned for a glimpse of that dark foreign shore

As a childish song of dense mythical creation
Was the eastern Nourhalia, whose grandeur and fame
Held to these Grecian maids a deep relation
As they sang in that past age the praise of her name.

Nourhalia they knew had rare beauty and wealth
Fame and true love had been laid at her shrine
Jewels and gold had been brought without stealth
To the eastern Nourhalia—the song bird divine.

This night in the temple to famed Isis reared
Twelve Greek maids of Athens have fearlessly crept
Unknown to the populace is now what they feared
Their night vigil in secret must faithfully be kept.

Crouched round the dark embers of dense perfume burning
Green myrtle and odors of sweet burning thyme
The secret of life are they inwardly learning
They learn life and death is a most perfect rhyme.

Oh! come sweet Nourhalia if such be thy power
And tell us of wisdom from thy happy home
We pray thee upon us thy deep knowledge shower
And pity our misery as we restlessly roam

Thro' this vast world of Greece so dear to our heart
For all that we love are centralized here
Tell us of thy life that we may impart
Knowledge to those which we deem very dear.

A spot in the center takes on a white light
An illuminated shadow now quickly appears
An angelic presence of wondrous sight
With a wave of her hand she quiets their fears.

A creature so saint like now stands in their view
A halo of light shines around her forehead
A vision of beauty and youth now grew
Before the Greek maids stand a soul from the dead.

And art thou Nourhalia cried one maid more bold
Than the rest of her sisters who clung round her side
I am Nourhalia out from the great fold
Your wish for me brings me from the great tide.

Of souls who pass on from this vast worldly plain
On to the realms of pure calm delight
Tell us thy story cried the maiden again
Said the angel—I'll tell you my story to-night.

I was a strange mixture of sadness and mirth
As a child: and depression and cheer
Surely the fates that attended my birth
Have ruled my life perfectly clear.

In earliest years I knew that within me
A deep hidden power there silently lay
Not knowing its meaning it saddened distressingly
All the bright side of the sunniest day.

Nature I loved from my earliest remembrance

I worshipped the glorious sunrise in the East
When eventide rested its calm slumbering glance
I worshipped the sunset, and that not the least.

For when the night came and the bright moon arising
And riding majestically on through cloudland
As each moment passes, new visions devising—
I silently worshipped, the scenes were so grand.

And a night of bright starlight would set my heart beating
With love for the heaven's and ecstasy sweet
Would prevail my whole being as if wildly entreating
Those far away stars would my lone spirit greet.

And the woods and the lakes, the birds and the flowers
I adored with a childlike yet rapturous glee
The world was a wonder as swift sped the hours
And everything in it meant so much to me.

Ah! sad is the day when earth with its treasure
Is nothing to us but a page of past fame
Ah! sad is the day when the world yields no pleasure
When the world means to us but a cold empty name.

A wild storm at night I loved with devotion
Alone in the dark I've had many a stroll
Yet never alone was my oft fancied notion
I loved the wild storm and the dull thunder's roll.

And the wildest storm winds that ere blew o'er the surface
Of earth from the midnight's Plutonion shore
Unheard brought to me a sweet greeting of grace
The wilder the night storm I loved it the more.

At twilight when vesper bells slowly were ringing
And pealing soft melody out on the air
That hour when all earth and the angels were singing
The hour when the thought of God rests everywhere.

Oh, blest hour of youth when the heart was all purity
Resting serene from the world and its wiles,

* Oh, blessed hour of youth when the heart had security
Away from the world with its sins and its smiles.

Oh, lost hours of youth when music's grand flow
Was harmony divine; Ah, content was our lot

Before the deep wisdom of what we must know
Comes: that men and women appear,—what there not.

Thus life was a joy until contact with people
They will warp one unless you have care in extreme
As the richer the church is the higher the steeple—
Adoration of self is their excellent theme.

The nature of people brought knowledge of treachery
Knowledge of hypocrisy, crime and deceit.

In the realms of dear Nature we never find leachery
Oh, why does not man to her altar retreat?

How sad 'tis to know that one would betray you
For a small bit of gold which comes out of the ground.

Sad 'tis to know that one would not befriend you
They want flesh and blood, and a pound for a pound.

Then came a deep pain in my heart sighed Nourhalia
Love touched my young soul with his magical rod
A pale youth with dark eyes without pomp or regalia
I worshipped my idol—yes, next to my God.

Now shattered all idols—like wind bubbles broken
The prismatic colors forever all gone
Remembrance is left to me now the one token
Of a dream that was soothing and sweet as a song.

Yet I knew that this love wildly growing within me
Must never be centered upon mortals here
The still voice within said to me so silently,
Relying on me thou hast nothing to fear.

This deep power within me grew firmer and stronger
As glided the years taking with them youth's hours
Until calmly relying and doubting no longer
The truthful communion with high unseen powers.

Men loved me, I charmed them, they worshipped, adored me
I knew how to reach their soul's secret desire
Without a known effort their thoughts I read clearly
The secret I held made their hearts burn like fire.

Man's a perfect reflection of presiding circumstance
His vacillating nature, this reflection rules,
Implicitly truth and man are at variance,
They represent beasts and the women are fools.

Aye—fools indeed are the women in love affairs
Fools and silly things are they in hate
Fools of the world sink they under its heavy cares
A dupe and a fool is most women's fate.

The love of man ne'er has been won by devotion
Expressed idolization, or solicitous care
The righteousness of it, the one palling lotion
The woman who fools them—they cling to the snare.

Man never loves woman—man loves only man
Which all the past ages stand out and attest
There's a mutual antipathy between them the ban
The search for true love is a drear, fruitless quest.

To follow a fair mirage is man's keenest enjoyment
No matter how straggling or rough is the way
And grasping to gain it is blissful employment
The bruises and groans make a rosy pathway

And men when in love are a phase of their planet
'Tis a directed signal from that far away shore
That right royal lover, Anthony, at sunset
Enjoyed Cleopatra but loved Anthony more.

He died in her arms because he loved—Anthony—

'Twas bliss to his soul to look in her eyes

Thou art an example, Oh, Anthony—Anthony—

Which ever indeed should make people wise.

Thus! thus! said Nourhalia when men came before me

They were but as shadows before my clear glass

And O, what grim specters dwelt in some with glee

I could read all their lives and their thoughts as they pass.

Some men are made up of gorilla like essence

So beastly and fierce—that I shudder and sigh

And some—you'd be poisoned by their very presence

So loathsome and vile is the gleam of their eye

These men are inhabited with vermin and reptiles

With brutes of low order they are on a line

Their touch is polluting and ever defiles

A horror before me they clearly define.

And some men are fine as a thread of spun gold

They mix not repellently with much dross of earth

Wisdom and manliness stamps on them a mould

And these men are gods—gods from their birth.

This secret within me these deep truths discerned

I saw man as he was and not what he appeared

From a beautiful exterior I have often times turned

At the hideous vision of the soul which there leered.

Ah! 'twas an experience which had in it no pleasure

To know false humanity has in it no cheer

Humanity yields but the least which we treasure

'Tis only of man we need have any fear.

He crushes and grinds, both himself and his brothers

By his cruelty, tyranny—his intense selfishness

By dealing continually injustice to others

Is the path which he looses his own happiness.

Humanity is blind through its own meagre pride—
Blind to the beauties of each passing age
In harmony's law they must needs abide
When the grand book of life is a wide open page.

So away from the people I soon found true restfulness
Away from their cringing and plain seen deceit
Altho' many a day I yearned for forgetfulness
I soon reached a joy in my own small retreat.

I had for companions true souls yet not mortals
Oh, blest be the power which had brought them to me
The doors of a world had now opened the portals
O, joy to my heart! I could enter and see.

The truth I had searched for—and searching found—never
O, joy to my heart! I now found truth real
I'll live in this world aye forever—and ever
So deep is the tremendous joy that I feel.

Men cannot appear in this world what they are not
'Tis visibly written alone what they are
Which proved to my soul and I had not forgot
The deep power within me I never should mar.

The delights of this world no pen can define
The beauteous scenes upon which my eyes rest
Now millions of worlds to my vision resigns
Some secrets they've kept from me years, which was best

And the women in this world hold their true position
A fool cannot ape to be great when the're small
Where truth is the plan it needs no definition
It will classify rightly and harmonize all.

Hours spent in this world was to me more than fame
So exquisitely sweet was the joy I found there
And when this world fauned and bowed to my name
It reached not my heart with its lone silent care.

I lived in my flower bedecked bower of enchantment
Loving and loved through many long years
And the friends of my solitude help'd my advancement
Pass'd this vale of sorrow, which has so many tears.

I could see and could hear from one world to the next
Could soar through much distance with very great ease
Harmony alone was my watchword and text
'Tis the amulet 'gainst which opposition will cease.

I would willingly stay in this realm for all time
Yet back on this earth must I linger awhile
Contented and happy for thro' my songs rhyme
I brought peace to some and to others a smile.

Thus all men and women and all things of earth
With the years pass forever—forever away
To yearn for these is to cling to lost mirth
It is striving to keep what is sure to decay.

Said Nourhalia, when death came it found me quite willing
I had lived in the sphere past mortals so long
I laid down the burden called life—my heart filling
With rapturous joy for this bright land of song.

And wealth in this land is the joy of the heart
And fame in this land is the joy of the soul
Of love in this land we are a great part
As millions of drops makes the vast ocean's roll.

Said Nourhalia—the story I tell you is true
Altho' the clime that is yours—bore not me
In all ages of time the changes are few
The now is forever expressed eternity.

I go said Nourhalia—back—back—to my sunshine
Stay—stay—cried the maids with anguishing cry
One word said Nourhalia—while here live divine
And you walk in the pathway that leads to the sky.

And the touch of true love is a breath of high heaven
And truth is the gem which opens the door
As the notes of all music on earth number seven
Completeness of Peace is where we may soar.

And here on this earth that rest may be gained
By pursuing the course I have laid out for you
Said Nourhalia all earthly wealth that is famed
Is grasped by the soul when alone it is true.

With the smile of an angel and a wave of her hand
Vanished Nourhalia, out in to the night
She's gone—said the maidens—unto her sunland
And the spot where she stood was a roseate light.

Twelve maidens crept out from the temple unseen
By any keen eye for all the town slept
The knowledge they'd learned—solemnly between
Each other—they swore—forever be kept.

And as the grand Grecian race passes away
One of these wisdom steep'd maidens appear
In their turn at each age—read the oracles by day
And make to their followers,—their meaning most clear.

As clad in their white robes—sandal and gown
In the temple a priestess of knowledge divine
Serve they with faithfulness, which makes them renown
To Vesta the Virgin—their lives they consign.

And when the last echo of noble Greece falls
The Cumean Sybil—tells her prophecys true
Ringing aloof through its temples and halls
Heeded alone by those perfect and few.

Ah, land of bright sunlight, whose shores the blue Aegean
Guard—yes—so lovingly and fondly caress
Thy people descended from that God gifted Magician
Whatever thy frailties—we love thee none less.

Ah! land of bright sunlight—of sweet song and rhyme
Thou gods and goddesses in life and in art
Thy ruined cities alone speak thy time
In the vast passing ages thou art only a part.

Change and decay is the law of all things
Upon this terrestrial globe, which we tread
And above all is divine music which sings
As we chant the praise of this nation now dead.

HELEN F. TROY,

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